WORLD REVIEW

Incorporating Review of Reviews March 1950

CONTENTS

		PAGE
EDITORIAL		3
POEMS	*David Gascoyne*	5
PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE	*Professor Karl Jaspers*	7
LEONIDAS	*Robert Payne*	18
LETTER FROM VIENNA	*Leslie Paul*	30
BETWEEN YES AND NO	*Albert Camus*	34
THE INTELLECTUAL ERROR OF COMMUNISM	*Bertrand Russell*	40
THE PLAYS OF HENRY JAMES	*Herbert Read*	45
POEM	*Gilbert Phelps*	50
THE THEATRE OF CHRISTOPHER FRY	*Philip Hope-Wallace; Gerard Fay; Gordon Rattray Taylor; Peter Brook*	51
SYMBOLISM IN 'THE THIRD MAN'	*Lawrence Alloway*	57
GASTRONOMICAL NOTES	*Henry Kahn*	61
AIR TRAVEL NOTES	*A. V. Cleaver; G. R. McGregor; John Stroud*	64

BOOK REVIEWS: by
Rom Landau; Rev. E. F. F. Hill; Herbert Read; Derek Stanford; Robert Gittings; Hugo Manning

ART SECTION between pp. 56 and 57. Illustrations from the plays of Christopher Fry and Jean Anouilh

EVERY YEAR BRITISH INSURANCE EARNS £33,000,000 IN FOREIGN CURRENCY—MOSTLY GOOD HARD DOLLARS

. . . . . enough to pay for all the eggs and half the bacon we import

3 *Issued by the British Insurance Association*

For All-Night Sleep and All-Day Energy

A CUP of delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will help to bring you refreshing sleep of the best kind. The unique properties of 'Ovaltine'—derived from Nature's finest foods—soothe nerves and body and are quickly conducive to sleep.

While you sleep 'Ovaltine' provides concentrated, easily digestible nourishment which does much to restore the tired body, renew strength and energy, and enables you to awake feeling and looking your best.

There is no substitute for

Ovaltine

It stands in a class by itself

Quality has made Ovaltine the World's Best Night-cup

P744A

Editorial

OUR Editorial space this month has been turned over to Mr. Victor Gollancz, who writes on the subject of the recent Rommel biography. Like Mr. Gollancz, we are against all forms of censorship but we also deplore the fact that such uncritical writing as is to be found in this book should have been received so uncritically. Rommel was a soldier and just as good as any soldier could be. Brigadier Young could not infuse greatness into his hero's character simply because it did not exist; but he could have extracted from Rommel's mediocrity—a mediocrity which hypnotised a whole nation and left Europe poised over the abyss—its real meaning if he had realised the absurdity of his hero's influence. Instead, however, we are presented with an attempt to perpetuate a futile and dangerous legend. Mr. Gollancz deals with the moral and political repercussions likely to be caused by this book. But there is also another implication which concerns the present general state of our criticism, in literature as well as in other fields. To this theme we shall return more fully in the near future. Meanwhile here is one aspect of the case.

MR. GOLLANCZ WRITES:

To the Editor of WORLD REVIEW

Sir,

I have not read Brigadier Young's Rommel. *But the extensive reviews give a pretty good idea of it: and the result is a feeling of profound dismay—not so much, perhaps, about the book itself, which is clearly an excellent one, as about what seems to underlie (apart from the suicide story) its overwhelming reception.*

Rommel, I gather, was a non-Nazi 'officer and gentleman' of the old German school. I say 'non-Nazi', though I read in one review that 'he had once admired Hitler' (who set up abominable concentration camps as early as 1933) and in another that he broke with Hitler at a relatively very late date. But let that go; let us describe him as a German officer of the best type, and let us agree that he is entitled to our respect. But is it a type that we want, not merely to respect, but to worship? What becomes of our propaganda against 'German militarism' in the 1914–18 war? What becomes of the re-education after 1945 that sought (often by such cruelties as depriving officers in their eighties, merely because they had been officers, of their miserable pensions) to discredit the soldier's profession? And what must be the effect

of all this on the nationalist and militarist elements in the Germany of today—elements which, largely owing to Allied folly during the last few years, must once again be reckoned with?

Let me be clearly understood. To hero-worship a German general is no worse than to hero-worship an Allied general: or if just a little worse, then only because 'German militarism' has become almost symbolic (with dubious justification) for militarism everywhere. And if anyone objects that war is one thing and warriors are another, and that to worship the military is not to blunt, by an atom, your attack on militarism—then the answer is that such an idea, even if sound in logic, is psychologically nonsensical.

'I think,' Brigadier Young is just reported to have said at Ashford, 'that since you cannot remove this military spirit from the German race, you had better see if you can build on their soldierly virtue. The best Germans have it . . . The various German generals . . . I met struck me as the best type of Germans.' The best? I think of Adam von Trott and Count Helmuth James von Moltke; and of the countless women of the Rhineland whom, in the winter of 1946, I saw enduring and caring for their children without anger and even without complaint.

Yours, etc.,
Victor Gollancz

14 Henrietta Street, W.C.2 *February 1st*

This month we appear in a new layout and in a new cover designed by Mr. Oliver Simon of The Curwen Press, and we would not like this change to pass without acknowledging our deep indebtedness to our printers for their invaluable advice and assistance, and the interest they have shown us.

We would also like to take this opportunity to invite correspondence from our readers giving us their comments or suggestions. Letters for publication or those for the benefit of the Editor will be equally welcome.

In our next issue we shall publish *Resurrections*, the first chapter of André Malraux's third part of his *Psychology of Art*, and we hope to print further instalments from this great work in progress as they become available.

THE POST-WAR NIGHT

DAVID GASCOYNE

. . . No, nowadays, at night the flush of light
Reflected anxiously by urban skies, impresses eyes
In quest of soothing space between the stars, as with a sense
Of guilt, not reassurance. This is Peace,
Our nightly black-out dream, yet back to black sky flies
The gaze disheartened by futility, to seek
Stern strength and rigour in unmoonlit midnight's zenith
Over our heads rebuking light's illusions. In our time
We have had vision. Now our seeing tries
Not to find blindness everywhere it peers,
Relinquishing belief in any sight surpassing this.
We must see how to justify ourselves
Always. Perhaps indeed that is for ever all
Our eyes are used to look for: We must stand
Justified:—if not before the whole world then before
Ourselves; if not before the candid inmost heart
Blandly at least before shrewd common sense,
Sole supreme standard in this business-driven world,
Still so remote from all the innate sense
Of human destiny that men are born with knows
To be truly their aim on earth: one God-ruled globe
Finally unified, at peace, free to create! That sense
Is dull in all but few today . . . They are not listened to.
They seldom speak. And how absurd they sound
To such as do hear them, how like a child's
Sublime simplicity and sweet ineptitude,
To speak of Brotherhood and of the beautiful
Smooth-running Great Society that might tomorrow mean
Our paradise regained! How well our guilt,
Long versed in all the necessary lies
Required to run the world in practice knows
How always to remain the same calm, sane
Comfortably compromised collusionists, still safe and sound
At least as long as this false peacetime lasts.

BIRTH OF A PRINCE

DAVID GASCOYNE

Many of us remember, too, how very young
And quite unlike a child's idea of parents, our own were,
(Though many also may have been less fortunate) when we
Proudly were brought by them into a world of care—
Such genuine gentle care and such brave faith
In the great future which they knew that we should see.
Many also were born within sound of the wind
That can blow no man good, the howling wind of war,
National adversity and Winter. In the historic park
The horn of Herne was heard; the times were dark;
And the great royal oak creaked in the blast
With grief, its branches cracked, yet still unshakable it stood.
Another daybreak, and behold with dripping boughs
Uprise out of that storm a tree that stands because it stands
For true Peace rooted in the right, from which no wind that blows
Shall shake the many nesting birds whose song's heard in these lands.
No bird but very bat is he who cannot see
A smile best recognised in solitude,
In this momentous birth, nor hear another tongue
Than that of public oratory still speaking through the roar
Of loyal multitudes, asking God grant that we
Give birth to the world's only Prince, Puer Aeternus, He
Whose swordlike Word came not to bring us peace but war
Within forever against falsehood and all fratricidal War.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE

KARL JASPERS

FROM the very outset philosophy came forward as a science, as the only science. The highest and most certain knowledge was the aim which inspired its disciples. The fact that the question could be raised as to whether it was a science at all can only be understood in the light of the development of the specifically modern sciences, which came to fruition in the nineteenth century, mostly without the aid of, often in opposition and finally in a spirit of indifference to, philosophy. When the demand was now made that philosophy should be a science, something different was meant from what was meant in earlier ages—namely that it should be exactly like these modern sciences and equal them in the effectiveness of its results. If it could not do so, then it was said to have lost all purpose and might be allowed to disappear.

Some decades ago, it was a widely-held view that science closed its innings when all the sciences split up into separate disciplines and left the bosom of this original universal science. After people had become aware of the true bases of the indubitable and universal validity of science, philosophy was said to have been found wanting in the light of these criteria. Its thinking was empty because its assertions were not subject to proof; it lacked the foundation of experience; its illusions were misleading; it sapped the forces which should have been employed in genuine research, diverting them to empty talk about universals.

Such was the picture of philosophy seen in the light of science as methodical, indubitable and universally valid knowledge. Could philosophy as a science hold its own against this attack? There were two reactions:

First, it was accepted that the attack was justified. The representatives of philosophy therefore withdrew to more limited problems. If philosophy is finished, because it has given up all its themes to the sciences, there still remains the history of philosophy, first as a factor in the history of the sciences themselves, then as a phenomenon of intellectual history in general, as the history of the errors and anticipations, of the process of liberation in the course of which philosophy has made itself superfluous. The history of philosophy has, finally, to keep alive the knowledge of the philosophical classics, if only as aesthetically interesting phenomena, which, although devoid of any scientific significance, are nevertheless worth reading for their style and general atmosphere.

Others followed the modern scientific outlook by rejecting philosophy as known hitherto, and tried to re-found philosophy as a strictly scientific discipline. They therefore took up the problems common to all the sciences,

and which must therefore be reserved for philosophy, namely the questions of logic, epistemology and phenomenology. To regain its reputation, philosophy now made itself the handmaiden of the sciences, imitating them, and showing a humble willingness to serve them. Thus it provided the epistemological justification for science, which had already been generally accepted, and it therefore did something that was perhaps superfluous in any case. But in the form of Logic it developed a special branch of science, which, because of the universality of its subject-matter, the form of all valid thinking whatsoever—a *Mathesis universalis*—seemed apt to take the place of existing philosophy. Today some people consider the science of logic to be the whole of philosophy.

The result of this first reaction appears to be the idea held today that philosophy is just one science amongst others, one department promoted, like all the rest, by specialists, with its own narrow circle of experts, its congresses and journals.

Opposed to this assiduously scientific view, there was a second reaction. The attack on the existence of philosophy was countered by the total rejection of philosophy's claim to be a science. Philosophy, it was declared, was in fact not a science at all. It was based on feeling and intuition, on imagination and genius. It was an incantation of reality by means of concepts, not a knowledge of reality. It was a soaring emotion or longed-for death observed with a wakeful eye. Some, indeed, went even further, and claimed that it was beside the point for philosophy to bother about science since it had already recognised the futility of all scientific truth. The modern sciences were leading man up the wrong path, especially by reason of the disastrous effects of rationalism on the soul and on life in general. Philosophy, so these protagonists argued, was not a science but was precisely on that account in touch with the real truth.

Both reactions—the submission to, as well as the rejection of, science, conceived as the indubitable, methodical and universally valid mode of knowledge—seem to imply the end of philosophy. For, whether submissive to or disowning science, in both cases it ceases to be philosophy.

In the last decades the apparent triumph of the sciences over philosophy has created a situation in which an attempt is being made to rediscover the true nature of philosophy from many different points of departure. When it has been found, the underlying principles and practical application of the relationship between philosophy and science will also have been defined. It is a factual problem of the first order.

The full weight of this factual problem can be understood if its historical origins are recalled. It has developed from the bewildering interaction of three different themes. These are, first, the meaning of modern science; secondly, the old and constantly-renewed attempt to achieve a totality of knowledge through philosophy, and thirdly, the philosophical concept of truth as illuminated for the first and for all time by Plato.

First, then, the modern sciences which have developed in the last few centuries have introduced a new mode of scientific thinking into the world,

which did not exist in Asia, in classical antiquity or in the Middle Ages. It is true that the Greeks were already in possession of science as the methodical pursuit of indubitably certain and universally valid knowledge. But the modern sciences have not only given more precise expression to this basic purpose of all science (a task which still remains to be completed), but they have given new shape and new foundations to the meaning, scope and unity of their own research. Let me touch on some of their basic characteristics.

Nothing is indifferent to modern science. Everything, the smallest and the ugliest, the furthest and the strangest, whatever really exists anywhere, is relevant by the mere fact of its existence. The scope of modern science has become universal. Nothing can escape its grasp. Nothing is to remain hidden or suppressed, nothing to remain a secret. Further, modern science is incomplete on principle, advancing into infinity, whereas the science of antiquity came forward in all its forms as a finished product and did not make its own internal development the conscious object of its existence. Modern science has understood that a universal conception of the world, explaining reality on the basis of a few principles only, is scientifically impossible. Such a conception of the world has different sources, and can claim a false validity only by making an absolute of the particular when scientific criticism grows dim. The grandiose syntheses—of physics, for example—which were hitherto unknown to science—embrace only one aspect of reality. As a result of their influence, reality as a whole has become more split up, and more fathomless than ever before in the history of human consciousness. Hence the lack of coherence of the modern world in contrast to the closed system of the Greek cosmos.

Moreover, the sciences of the classical age remained scattered and unrelated to each other. They lacked the idea of real completeness. The modern sciences, on the other hand, look for the universal bond of connection between themselves. Whilst a truly comprehensive conception of the world is beyond their scope, they are not unable to conceive the idea of a cosmos of the sciences. Because each individual science is dissatisfied with its own isolated knowledge, it seeks a closer association with all available knowledge.

The modern sciences do not attach much importance to the mere possibilities of thought. They consider an idea as valid only in so far as it is the expression of definite knowledge; only if it has proved its worth by discovering new facts, and only if it allows of infinite modification. Thus, ancient and modern atomic theories coincide in certain common conceptions of pattern. But the ancient theory was only a ready-made interpretation of possibilities, based on the plausible explanation of existing experience, whereas the modern theory is continuously transformed according to practical results, and is considered merely as an instrument of research.

The modern sciences push their questionings to the uttermost frontiers of

knowledge. For example, the argument against the evidence of appearance, begun, it is true, in classical antiquity, in the understanding of perspective and its application to astronomy, for instance, but still tied to direct observation, now ventures in modern physics the most paradoxical hypotheses, thereby achieving really true insights, although bursting through the limitations of any closed conception of the world.

In these circumstances a scientific attitude has become possible today in which everything is approached in a spirit of inquiry: an attitude which is capable of clear and definite knowledge so that it can distinguish what is known from what is not known; an attitude which has resulted in the acquisition of an amazing amount of knowledge (how infinitesimally little was the Greek doctor or the Greek technician able to achieve!). The ethos of modern science is characterised by the desire to acquire reliable knowledge on the basis of unprejudiced inquiry and criticism. When we enter its sphere, we breathe a pure air and witness the disappearance of all casual talk, plausible opinion, defiant cocksureness and blind faith.

In addition to modern science, there is a second factor, the age-old attempt to achieve a totality of knowledge through philosophy. Philosophy has at all times come forward as a science, having knowledge of the Whole —not as factual knowledge advancing into infinity, but as a definitive doctrine. Modern philosophy since Descartes has identified itself with modern science, but has remained within the limits of the old philosophical concept of universal knowledge. It can be shown that this was the reason why Descartes did not understand modern science at all, as represented by the researches of Galileo, for example, and that what he himself accomplished had fundamentally little in common with modern science, although, as a creative mathematician, he helped to promote this particular science. Subsequent philosophers, even Kant himself to some extent, still laboured under the misapprehension that this concept of total knowledge was valid. Hegel once more imagined that he was achieving the consummation of science, and was in possession of all the sciences in his doctrine of Universal Spirit.

The identification of modern science and more recent philosophy with this old attempt to achieve a totality of knowledge through philosophy has turned out to be a disaster for both. The modern sciences which, by dint of a common self-deception, saw supports for their own structure in those great philosophies of the seventeenth century and in some subsequent philosophies, forfeited their purity of purpose by their claim to be considered as final and universal knowledge. Modern philosophy was able to produce its great results only, as it were, 'in spite of', in a constant misunderstanding of, its own true nature.

Now for a third factor. Neither the modern concept of science, nor the scientific idea embodied in the attempt to achieve a totality of knowledge through philosophy, coincides with the really philosophical concept of science, as expressed by Plato in a way that has never been surpassed. How remote is the truth, the revelation of which in the act of knowledge is

interpreted by Plato in his parable of the Cave, and on which he touches in the play of his dialectic: this truth which concerns Being and that which is above all Being; how different in origin it is from the truth of the sciences, which are interested only in the outward phenomena of reality, without ever reaching the sphere of Being, and how different from the truth of the systematic philosophy which claims to be in possession of the totality of knowledge. What a distance there is between the truth that can nowhere be written down, but which, according to the Seventh Letter, can be kindled only in the actual process of thinking, in the favourable moment of immediate communication between understanding friends, and the truth which is written down, binding for everyone, universally intelligible, available for all.

These three widely differing conceptions of science now intermingle to create the present confusion. Take one example: Marxism with its formulation and investigation of economic problems has become an important factor in scientific development. But it shares that importance with many other endeavours, and this is not the reason for its influence. That is due more to its dialectical interpretation of history and its claim to understand the historical process as a universal activity. It comes forward, therefore, as a philosophical doctrine, but with the claim to universal scientific validity. In its mode of cognition it is identical with Hegel's philosophy, the conceptual method of which it uses as its own. The only difference is that, with Hegel, the centre of history resides in what he calls Idea, and in Marx in the methods of production employed by man, who, in contrast to the animals, acquires the means of life by systematic labour. Both Hegel and Marx derive all phenomena from a datum which is for them the central principle of history. Marx was therefore right when he said he had turned Hegel upside down, i.e., so far as the content of his thinking was concerned, for he did not abandon the Hegelian method of constructing reality by means of a conceptual dialectic.

The fact that economic knowledge which has been acquired scientifically, that is to say, by the investigation of particular concrete phenomena and which, in accordance with its purpose, remains in a state of constant movement, is identified with dialectical insight into the total process, and held to be ultimate knowledge, leads to the error committed by Hegel and, in another form, by all the typical post-Cartesian philosophers and repeated by Marx. The absolute and exclusive claim put forward by Marx therefore has its origin in that philosophy which attempts to achieve a totality of knowledge, but it claims to be a result of modern science, from which in fact it does not follow at all.

A third factor is now added—the impetus of an absolute truth fulfilling man's yearning and desires, analogous to the Platonic idea of truth, though of a completely different character. Marxism regards itself as the true consciousness of classless man. It is the steadfastness of this faith which first makes possible modern fanaticism, with its boastful claims to be grounded not on faith but on science, which accuses its opponents of

stupidity or malice, or of having an unconquerably class-bound outlook, in contrast to its own purely human truth, bound to no class and therefore absolute.

Similar ways of thought, in which a limited piece of concrete research is uncritically absolutised into an alleged knowledge of the whole and is then amalgamated with a quasi-religious fanaticism, can be observed in the field of racial theory, psychoanalysis and in many others.

This false intermingling of heterogeneous principles here leads to the same result on a big scale as can be observed in everyday life on a small scale: in the attitude of cocksureness, of being satisfied with mere plausibility, in the obstinacy of uncritical observation and assertions, in the inability to examine a question thoroughly, to listen, to weigh, to test and to reflect on fundamental issues.

The scandalous thing is that claims are made in the name of science for what is just the opposite of scientific thinking. For science leads to the knowledge of how and for what reasons and within what limitations and in what sense we know. It teaches us to know, whilst at the same time we are fully aware of the method of the particular science in question. It achieves a certainty, the relativity of which—namely its dependence on assumptions and on specific methods of investigation—is its decisive criterion.

Science, as it appears to the outside world today, is equivocal. Real science can at all times, and even today, seem to be hidden: an open secret, as it were, open because accessible to everyone—and secret, because by no means really understood by all. All the more brightly shines the genuine, imperturbable, never-failing scientific attitude, which, precisely because it is conscious of its limitations, leaves the room free for every other source of truth in man. To this is added a wonderful power originating in science itself: in the long run only what is really known is taken up into the development of science; the rest is dropped because undermined by criticism. As long as free discussion is allowed, something is formed which is greater than those who are its bearers, and which in its full extent is understood by no single man.

Three tasks arise from this situation of confused concepts of science, corresponding to the three complexes discussed. First, the allegedly scientific nature of universal philosophical knowledge has to be refuted. The sciences themselves are contributing to the critical undermining of the false 'universal knowledge of the whole'. This provides the basis for the attack on philosophy and justifies the contemptuous attitude towards it.

Secondly, the purity of the sciences has to be achieved. This task can be fulfilled within the limitations of actual knowledge through a process of constant struggle. The demand for fundamental clarity about the nature of science and its limitations is easily accepted in general terms even by those who are continually failing to observe it in particular. But it is essential to achieve this purity in the concreteness of the various sciences. That can be done mainly through the critical work of the scientists themselves. Anyone, however, who wants to test the meaning of the truth of

scientific knowledge must enter into the methods of the particular science.

Thirdly, pure philosophy has to be worked out in the new conditions which have developed under the influence of the modern sciences. They themselves make that an indispensable task, for philosophy is always alive within the sciences and is so inseparable from them that the purity of both can be attained only by a common effort. The denial of philosophy usually leads to the unnoticed growth of a bad philosophy. The scientist who philosophises, whether consciously or unconsciously, has an inner guidance for his practical activity, which he cannot, however, understand with scientific indubitability. For example, the necessity for the existence of science cannot be proved scientifically; or, the particular choice of a subject for scientific research made from the infinity of possible subjects simply because it happens to be especially interesting, cannot be accounted for scientifically; or, the ideas which guide us are put to the test in the systematic process of research but do not themselves become objects of research.

Science, left to itself as pure science, degenerates. The mind is a harlot, said Nicholas Cusanus, for it gives itself up to anything that happens to come along. Science is a harlot, Lenin said, for it sells itself to any class interest. With Cusanus it is the reason, and finally the knowledge of God, which gives meaning, support and constancy to the knowledge of the mind; with Lenin pure science requires a classless humanity. To become aware of what is really required is the concern of philosophical reflection. In the actual sciences themselves philosophy is contained as the substance on which the scientist lives, so that his work acquires a real seriousness, guiding his methodical work. Whoever strengthens this inner guidance by means of reflection and self-consciousness is already philosophising explicitly. When this guidance fails, science falls into the abyss of the limitless and the capricious, of speculation, of statements which are correct but without value, of senseless routine and compliant subservience. The purity of science demands the purity of philosophy. How can philosophy become pure? Was it not at all times considered, and did it not always set out to be, a science? Our answer is that it is a 'science', but, judged by the standards of modern scientific research, it is at the same time both more and less than a science.

Philosophy can be called a science in so far as the sciences are its precondition. There is no tenable philosophy outside the sciences. Fully aware of its differences from science, it nevertheless binds itself unconditionally to science. It has no desire to offend against the indubitable certainties of science. The philosopher wishes to have experience of scientific methods.

Anyone untrained in a special branch of science, and not living in constant touch with scientific knowledge, will soon go astray in philosophy, presenting uncritical hypotheses as finished knowledge. If a scientific theory is not to be exposed to remaining a mere sentiment or a short-lived passion or become transformed into a stubborn fanaticism, it must be put on ice.

Furthermore, anyone who philosophises inevitably presses on to scientific knowledge, because it is the only way to become aware of the unknown. It is as though the greatest knowledge were achieved in the search for the frontier where the faculty of knowledge runs aground, not simply for the time being, but finally, not losing itself in despair, but in consciousness of its own inherent limitations. Only the completion of knowledge would make possible a complete knowledge of the Unknown; only then would that real and ultimate failure become possible, in which Being itself, no longer the outward reality known by learning, would be revealed.

By accomplishing the great disenchantment, modern science attains the way to the vision of the true depth, of the real mystery which becomes visible only with the aid of the most definite knowledge, and only when the knowledge of the Unknown has been achieved.

Philosophy therefore stands against those who scorn the sciences, against the would-be prophets who cast suspicion on scientific research, who mistake the aberrations of science for science itself, and who even attempt to make science, 'modern science', responsible for the disasters and inhumanity of our age.

As opposed both to the superstitious belief in science and the contempt for science, philosophy stands unconditionally on the side of modern science, which it considers a wonderful phenomenon of incomparable reliability, the deepest incision ever made into human history, the source of great dangers but of even greater opportunities, and from now on, the condition of all human dignity. The philosopher knows that, without this science, his own activity becomes null and void.

This activity can now continue to be called scientific because philosophy proceeds methodically and is aware of its own methods. But these methods are different from all scientific methods, because in the first place they have no subject-matter of their own. All definite and definable subjects are those of a particular science. If, for example, I call the subject of philosophy the Universe, the world, Being, these words no longer refer to a particular subject, as philosophical criticism shows. The methods of philosophy transcend the subject-matter of science. To philosophise is to transcend. But, as our thinking is always tied to particular subjects, this process of transcending takes place in such subjects as are eliminated by the process of thinking itself. Such 'subjects', serving as guides in the process of philosophical transcendence, are the great creations of philosophy. Hence we can never dispense with the deep language of the metaphysicians, which speaks to us down the millennia: to make it our own, to understand its origins by means of the historical study of philosophy, enables us to know it not merely as a thing of the past, but also to give it new life in the present.

The mass of supposedly philosophical knowledge, made up of teachable material, is produced by transforming into an independent substance a subject-entity which serves the philosopher as a guide but is simultaneously eliminated by philosophical activity itself. Knowing this mass of knowledge,

one imagines that one is in possession of something, which is, in fact, philosophically a perversion: the *capita mortua* of the great metaphysical systems.

In this transcendental thinking peculiar to philosophy, which is analogous to the forms of scientific thinking, philosophy is less than a science. For it reaches no demonstrable result and no knowledge universally binding in its authority. The simple fact that scientific knowledge is the same all over the world, but that philosophy, despite all its claims to universal validity, is not generally valid in any of its forms, cannot be overlooked. It is the outward token of the peculiar character of philosophical truth: scientific truth is universally valid but conditioned by method, and hypothesis-philosophical truth, on the other hand, is absolute for him who realises it, in a particular historical context, but its statements are not universally valid. Scientific truth is one and the same for all—philosophical truth is manifold in its differing historical costume, each of which is the manifestation of a unique happening and entitled to its own particular form, but not transferable without change.

The true philosophy is the *philosophia perennis*, around which all philosophers circle, which is the possession of nobody in particular, in which all real philosophers participate, and which can never attain the form of a unique truth valid for all.

Thus philosophy is not only less, but more than a science, in so far as it is the source of a truth which cannot be attained by scientifically binding knowledge. This philosophy is adequately described in such definitions as: to philosophise is to learn to die—philosophising is a soaring up to the Godhead—the knowledge of Being as Being. Such definitions imply that philosophical thinking is a spiritual activity, appealing to freedom and affirming transcendence. The same thing can be formulated in a different way: philosophy is the ascertainment of one's own self in true Being—it is the thinking of a faith given to man which has to be illuminated *ad infinitum*. It is the way of the spiritual self-assertion of man through thinking.

But none of these is a real definition. There is no definition of philosophy, because philosophy cannot be defined by anything outside itself. There is no higher genus of which philosophy might be considered a species. Philosophy defines itself, is directly related to the Godhead, is not grounded on utility. It develops out of the origin in which man is given to himself.

Let me summarise what I wanted to say.

The sciences do not embrace the whole of truth, but only so much of it as can rightly be considered universally valid for all. Truth is more comprehensive. It is to be revealed only to the Reason of the philosophical mind. If philosophical works with the title 'On Truth' have been written through all the centuries since the early Middle Ages, it is once again the urgent task of our own day to gain insight into the whole compass of the nature of Truth in the present conditions of scientific knowledge and historical experience. Such reasoning also includes the relationship between science

and philosophy. Only by strict differentiation will the indissoluble connection that binds them be realised in purity and truth.

The university, by its research and teaching, seeks to establish the great practical unity of philosophy and the sciences. At all times *Weltanschauung* has become manifest at the university through the ways and means of science. The university is the meeting-place of all the sciences. In so far as they remain a mere conglomeration, the university resembles an intellectual warehouse—but in so far as they press forward to a unity of knowledge, it is like the building of a never completed temple. One and a half centuries ago it was still taken for granted that the philosopher raised to the highest possible level of consciousness the philosophy that the scientific specialist already bore slumbering within him. That has changed. Specialisation has led to the dispersal of the sciences. Scientific knowledge, with its clear-cut, binding, but isolated knowledge believed it could break away from philosophy.

Is the dispersal of the sciences a final and inevitable situation? It would certainly be very desirable to have a philosophy which would be a digest of the whole tradition of human thought, equal to the demands of the intellectual situation of our time, revealing the body of thought which we all share, both in sublime intellectual constructions and also in simple and generally appealing statements. But such a philosophy does not exist today.

Old university sceptres of the fifteenth century are decorated with goldsmiths' work, representing Christ allotting their tasks to the various faculties. Even when such sceptres are still in use, they no longer express a current reality, but they still proclaim the task of seeking the unity of the whole.

Neither theology nor philosophy any longer gives shape to the whole. Is there still a common mind in the University? Its organisation seems nothing but a constantly-changing ground-plan, lacking symmetry and logic, with no inner unity, continuously being extended, in which everything of any scientific importance has a place. It is the meeting-place of the strangest contrasts. Not united by a knowledge of the whole, everyone is nevertheless forced to see the unfamiliar. He learns to rub shoulders with what is most foreign to his own mind. From such contacts there arises the true intellectual life, the urge to explore unknown territories, and freedom of thought. The common spirit no longer resides in the content of a common faith, but merely in the critical approach as such, in the recognition of the logically and empirically inevitable, in the determined rejection of the *sacrificium intellectus*, in openness of mind, in a boundless questioning and intellectual sincerity.

This spirit is the result of the last centuries. Will the University remain content with it in the long run? It is a situation which seems to offer extraordinarily favourable opportunities for philosophy. But it would be absurd to draft a programme for what is possible only as the creation of a really united intellectual world, not as a problem that can ever be solved by the individual working on his own.

3

As long as he remains true, the philosopher exists in the resignation of not-knowing. This must not be confused with the different kind of modesty which is required of the Professor of Philosophy today. The best philosophers of today are perhaps not to be found at all in the ranks of those who teach philosophy professionally. For it is the philosophy within the sciences which protects them from being distracted by what is not worth knowing and which is the inspiration of scientific research, that is the true philosophy which is realised in the totality of a particular science. This philosophy thus becomes, as it were, representative of knowledge in general, with its attention constantly directed to seeing this particular branch in relation to the whole field of possible knowledge, and thereby establishing it firmly in the depths.

The Professor of Philosophy who devotes himself to such tasks is not a leader setting the fashion, but a listener and a learner who would like to pass on and to track down within the widest possible contexts the fundamental meaning of all this philosophical activity. He reverences only the great philosophers who do not conform to a type but are creative minds, such as do not exist today—but he rejects the deification of man which already began in the school of Plato: for even the greatest men are human and err. Nobody is an authority to whom obedience is due. And he respects every science whose results are binding—but he rejects the scientific pride which imagines it can fathom the grounds of everything or even that it has already done so. His ideal is that of a creature endowed with reason, living with others similarly endowed. He has every intention of suspecting his own conclusions, he wants to hear objections and attacks, and he would like to become capable of mutual discussion in ever-deepening communication which is the way to all truth and without which there is none.

His hope is that as he grows in reason, the intrinsic values will be given him from which a man can live, and that his will, in so far as his own efforts are honest, may attain goodness with the direct help of Transcendence, and without human mediation. But as a teacher of philosophy, he feels a responsibility for providing that the great things of philosophy are not forgotten, that the methods of philosophical thought remain a subject of academic instruction and the sciences are allowed to exert their full influence on the philosophical mode of thinking. In fellowship with his students he wants, as he illuminates the present age, to gain the vision of the Eternal.

LEONIDAS

ROBERT PAYNE

I

AFTER great labour and many sleepless nights, I have decided to sell the whole village to Leonidas. It is necessary that I should make myself clear. I have lived in this village all my life. I know every corner of it, every house, every brick almost, and, because all the archaeological investigations were in my charge, I am conscious of the prodigious rôle I am playing before history, and have been playing, during these last seven years. Two days ago Leonidas sent a message asking me to name my price. I laughed. Impossible to name a price. I remember taking the letter into the living-room, where the heavy weights of the grandfather's clock were ever so slowly swinging up and down. I remember the scene perfectly, and sometimes even now I am conscious that, if I had not seen the grandfather's clock, I would not have sold the village.

You must be patient with me. I am trying to tell this from the beginning, from the moment when, two days ago, the blue envelope arrived through a small boy. I know it was a small boy because of the way he rattled the door-knocker, but when I went to the door, there was no one there. It is the way of small boys. I don't complain about it. I don't, in soberer moments, complain against the letter—it is the *tone* of the letter which offends me.

What was puzzling was that no one had ever heard of Leonidas, but immediately his name was mentioned, a great fear took over the village. Perhaps it was my fault. My voice trembled on the telephone. I rang up the exchange. I said—it was just before supper, and there is no time of the day more calculated to make me bad-tempered—I said, 'Has anyone at the exchange ever heard of a man called Leonidas?' Clearly not. The young lady said she would look up the telephone book—the name seemed familiar, she wasn't sure. That was the worst of it. *The name seemed familiar.* On my oath I tried to remember where I had heard it before. No, it was not in this village. I know everyone in this village. Then where? She hadn't rung off. I told her it might be one of the neighbouring villages. Well, there are not many other villages in this county within twenty miles of the place, and I thought it must be within half-an-hour's ride. She couldn't find the name. She was sorry; but, my God! she has reason to be sorry now that the roofs are taken from over our heads and there's no place where we can go.

What was strange was that I remembered him—not clearly, impossible to think one could remember him clearly, but sufficiently to be certain about some things. I knew he was the kind of person who would smile unsteadily, and yes—he had attended the church fête, I was sure of that. He hadn't come recently. He wasn't there at the last harvest festival. He didn't attend early Communion any more, but he had attended it once.

He had been a well-built young fellow when I knew him, but he had gone to seed—they said he had gone to China or Chile or somewhere. The letter was nervous, too, but whether he was nervous in the letter because he found it difficult to speak to me on my own terms or because he knew he was offending me, I shall never know. It's too late now. I have gone over the matter several times, and I have come to only one conclusion. I must have known him at some time when we were younger, and now he means no good to me or to the people in the village.

And then, of course, it's my own fault: I am not sufficiently aware of what is happening around me. I should have seen the child who brought the message. I should have interrogated him. I should have found out where he had come from. Of course he wouldn't have told much—a mysterious stranger had given him sixpence to bring the letter to my house. But why not mail the letter? The implication is clear: he was afraid of being recognised in the post office, where everyone knows me. Miss Adler would have seen the letter, and he has bold handwriting and you can read it upside down. It's nervous handwriting, but it's bold. And then there's another reason why I am at fault. I keep no locks on the doors and refuse to pay the wages of a servant to answer the door, simply because I cannot bear to have anyone else meddling in my own affairs. One day I shall buy a lock and no one will ever know where I keep the keys, but until then I shall always be at the mercy of strange intruders.

When I am sitting by the fire, I like to sit and muse in comfort. I hate being distracted. But Leonidas suddenly appeared at my side, and I was overwhelmed with terror.

Of course this is a simplification, but it was something like that. The letter was in my hand. There were no greetings, no 'your sincere friend', nothing at all like that. Even the address on the envelope was distinctly curt. He wrote my name without 'Mr' or 'Esquire'. I must say I was offended. These little things are the things I notice: they are the beneficences of civilisation; I would say they are as much a part of ourselves as our collars, our shirts, our underclothes. But the name by itself, without any of the appurtenances of respect, undisguised one might say, deprived of all logical formalities, as blunt as a pickaxe—this is quite horrible.

I said just now that Leonidas seemed to be standing by my side. It was a cold evening; the coals were glowing, and I swear I saw him for a moment as I read through the letter. I say this of course with some trepidation. No one will believe it, and if they did believe it, they would not attach to it the significance it deserves. *I saw a man who was not there.* More precisely, I was conscious of his presence, his deliberate presence. With the letter he had come into the room unannounced, and nothing like this has ever happened before.

He said in the letter: 'I am determined to buy up the village. All that is necessary is that you should name your price.'

For a long while we looked at each other in silence, making a business of sizing up each other's character. I said nothing. The excavations were

still continuing. How assess the village? I am mayor, magistrate, income-tax inspector, chief archaeologist. I am the Chief Justice and the chief executioner. I am also in charge, in my spare time, of the Home Guard, and therefore responsible for the new earthworks. As Justice of the Peace, I have power to marry and give in marriage, but I have (wisely) no power over the divorce laws. How can I assess the wealth of the village? There are human beings there. But he said: 'All that is necessary is that you should name your price.'

Well, various figures occurred to me. Perhaps I am not being serious when I say this—the kind of figures that occurred to me were fantastic. But in the end I said, laughing, I would sell the village for £40,000 in gold, no more and no less, leaving a net profit over the years I have spent here of exactly £10,000. I was amused by my statement. It was not serious—how could it be serious? I quite expected him to say that it was too little, as indeed it was, but to my utter astonishment he said: 'I will pay at once—in gold—now—.' I knew then that I had made a mistake. I said: 'I was just suggesting a figure. It may be that, more or less. I don't know what it will be, but the first thing I shall have to do will be to arrange an assessment. It will take time, Leonidas. You were always in a terrible hurry. An assessment is a complicated thing.' Then he left; the *bargain* was not closed, and I was left to myself for a while. I was only joking. I insist I was only joking. I had no intention of selling the village.

But of course I should have said nothing. It is always better to say nothing in the presence of Leonidas. Or, if it was absolutely necessary to speak, I should have hedged. I should have drawn a map of the village on the table-cloth, marking each item very clearly in terms of so many pounds, shillings and pence; and then, having accomplished a rough assessment, I should have trebled or quadrupled the assessment and told him that I would have to consult the borough engineer. After all, we have no knowledge of the capital expenditure on the drainage. There were then a host of things I should have done. I never looked him in the face. All I had of him was a momentary sidelong glance which revealed that he was smiling at me, his long upper lip tilted to one side, revealing some of his teeth. Once he even blew his nose, but even then I did not look directly at him. If I had caught a real glance at him, I would have been able to identify him, but if someone comes surreptitiously into the house tomorrow and says he is Leonidas, how shall I know he is speaking the truth?

In this matter it is necessary to be scrupulously honest. The whole life of the village, the people, the industries, the organisation of the civil services and the churches, is at stake. The responsibility is overwhelming. I have never been in such a situation before, and may never be again; but for the life of me I do not see what I have done wrong. It is pure Hitlerianism. And now, as I make my report, it seems to me even worse: they will all ask me what we gain by selling the village, and I shall have nothing to say.

I want now to be clear in everything I do. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, I made a careful examination of the archaeological

survey and discovered a large subsidence in the direction of Newton Arrow. It occurred to me that if the subsidence continued, our earthworks would be undermined. Of course there is very little likelihood that this will happen. I have examined the rocks in the laboratory and discovered that most of them consist of silicon with a small admixture of poison gases. This was fortunate. We are not as entirely defenceless as we thought. It is true, however, that in my occasional moods of dejection I am sustained by the spectacle of myself offering the vicar the last sacrament, thus reversing the normal course of nature.

The subsidence occurred early in the New Year, and I am told that it was first observed by an employee of the factory, though what training he had for his observation is unknown to me. There are at present three distinct theories advanced on the nature of the subsidence:

(*a*) The capacity of the drainage system has been overloaded. I must say that this seems to me the most likely solution.

(*b*) We are being undermined by a foreign power. But we have received no warlike statements from the neighbouring counties; the crops are uniformly excellent and there is no reason to fear attack from any quarter.

(*c*) The subsidence may be due to the prevailing atmosphere of guilt. By this I mean that there are people in the village who have committed wrong, and who fear the law; or perhaps they fear the natural recompense for their sins. This is a complicated matter. I have done my best to get to the bottom of it, and I must say that I feel myself at a loss. I am not conscious of guilt in any form, but of course the villagers are uneducated.

There it is. It is an important matter, and has some bearing on the letter from Leonidas, who must know that we are in continual danger. Then why buy the village? Why, for example, buy the whole village, when he could very well be satisfied with a small part of it? We could share the danger equally. We (I am speaking about the various governing committees) are not uneducated like the villagers. We are people of substance. We are, as they used to say, men of parts, accustomed to instant action and great responsibilities. Certainly we have raised the level of the villagers, and are continuing to do so. For ourselves we have nothing to fear; it is only the villagers who, with their incessant propaganda, are beginning to be afraid that we shall increase the rents. And as every honest person knows, this is the last thing that the Ways and Means Committee would dream of doing.

Of course there have been incidents. Leonidas may well be conscious of them. There was the question of the guillotine. You have no idea what difficulties this incurred in the beginning. The people insisted that hanging was better. I pointed out that hanging was painful—there were at least five seconds of consciousness—that it is absurd to tie up people's heads in black bags. Moreover, it is against natural dignity. The guillotine, I said

in my long-prepared statement, at least allows you to die in a blaze of glory. They wouldn't have it. They fought against it tooth and nail. They were accustomed to hanging, and, by George, they would be hanged or nothing. The trouble is—I say this very seriously—the people do not know what is good for them.

And then, too, there was the question of what kind of guillotine. There are many kinds. (I explained this very patiently.) I said that the kind we wanted was an impersonal machine, so that no one should be able to take upon himself the direct responsibility of the execution. The same thing happens with the firing squad: only one, or perhaps two, bullets are actually fired; the others are blanks. No one knows whether his bullet has actually shot the man. So I said that it was necessary to have a guillotine which worked automatically the moment the prisoner laid his head on the block. The weight of his head on the block would touch a lever which itself would convey the stimulus to the knife. I must say I was pleased with the invention. We tried it out on sheep and dogs, and it worked perfectly. But they objected, and the hangman objected through his trade union. Then where are we? I have said before as Mayor, as Governor of the Prison, and as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, that the chief task lying before us is to minimise the sense of guilt of the populace. And who will dare to tell me that the hangman and the prison officials are not conscious of a sense of guilt after hanging a man?

This is the kind of thing that Leonidas would never understand. He does not know; he cannot guess that my whole life is dedicated to the service of an ideal. Although the name of the ideal escapes me for the moment, its firm reality is no less assured.

I say that I cannot name the ideal. I am being superbly honest, because I defy any man to name the ideal he serves. I do my uttermost to serve the people. Shall I put it then as simply as that? And this is one reason why I was so thunderstruck by Leonidas's letter for, when he asked me to sell the village to him, he must have been conscious that I would be selling something of myself and perhaps the larger part of myself.

So I answered him, briefly, on official note-paper, being scrupulously polite in addressing him as 'Dear Leonidas', though in fact no one is less dear to me, saying that I had thought over the matter of the assessment but had come to the conclusion that in the present changing times I had decided to retain the village in my hands. One other matter confirmed me in my resolution, and that was the declining value of money. What could I do with the £40,000 if in a year it was worth only the paper it was printed on—while if I retained the village, I would at least have something to be interested in?

Then, too, there was the question of the scandalous conduct of some of the girls. I could hardly hand over the village in its present state. I am against illegitimacy. I prefer girls to be covered, even when they are playing basket-ball. Resolutions have been passed forbidding them to walk down Lovers' Lane at night unless in the company of a policeman;

we have also made certain that the policeman should be castrated. All this involves endless difficulties—difficulties which are not yet overcome. A wave of licentiousness has appeared. With all due respect to youth, and the inability of the young to control their appetites, we are determined to clean up village morals. How? It is a moot point whether we shall succeed.

There is one final thing: the valuation to be put on the archaeological discoveries. He knows nothing of this, or perhaps he knows too much. Our discoveries have affected the geological and archaeological sciences throughout the whole world. The treasure was vast. There were depths which had never been plumbed before. I am conscious that I was partly or wholly responsible for extending the field of operations ever since the first accidental discoveries in the neighbourhood of the Artesian wells. This village is fully documented at five different levels. We know the nature of the people who lived here before us, and we can guess by scientific induction the nature of those who will come after us. We can make a graph, and have made such a graph—the one which is publicly exhibited among the gold helmets and fossils in the village museum. You may not agree with the graph, but at least you can rest assured that scientific induction can go no further. In a million years' time some competent scientific worker will be able to judge our accuracy. For myself, I am content to wait for his verdict before casting aspersions on the work of the village scientists.

This is terrible. I am writing this late at night; the coals are dying out; the charwoman won't come till the morning and then only to wash the dishes, and I am alone. I have no one to confide in—the meeting of the Council will not take place till early next week. Then what shall I do? The villagers, poor souls, know nothing of the matter. They do not know that their fate hangs in the balance. There, invisible to them, unknown and menacing, is the name of Leonidas hanging over the village.

II

Today there came a new message from Leonidas, as brief, as singularly devoid of the courtesies of existence, as the former. I answered him and ordered that the message should be put up in small characters outside the telegraph office. I say 'small characters' deliberately, because I did not want to perturb the villagers unduly. In former times, when paper was more common than it is now, I could have put it as an advertisement in the columns of a newspaper.

Once again it was only two sentences, and once again it was sent by a schoolboy who must have come when I was not looking. This surprised me, for the moment I returned from the post office, I put myself on sentry-duty outside the door. I stayed there all morning. It was a fine day. I said I was just passing the time whenever someone passed, a convenient alibi. But by three o'clock in the afternoon I was hungry, and it was during the two minutes I spent in the larder that the message arrived, printed on the

same note-paper in the same bold, nervous, scrawling handwriting. He said: 'The agreement must go through. I rely on you.'

But, my God! why rely on me? What can I do? What right have I got to do it? Why should I be troubled with the making of endless inventories? Does he not realise that a complete inventory would take years? Does he not realise that, by the time we have finished, it will be out of date, and we must begin again? An inventory of the village means precisely what it says—the whole village, everything in it, the baby-socks, the radios, the silk underwear, the broken spoons. There is no end to these things. How shall we estimate the value of the girl who is condemned to the guillotine for the murder of her illegitimate child? How shall we value tombstones? How shall we, in our wildest moments, be certain that we can put a fair valuation on the work of the Committee of Ways and Means? Is my work to count for nothing? Or the vicar's? Or the midwife's? He may consider the cemetery a wasting asset, of no value at all, but this is a modern cemetery, carefully arranged so that the scientific workers in a million years will be able to understand our characteristic habits and customs. The meetings in the vestry may not be important to Leonidas who comes from another county altogether, but what price is to be paid for our earnest solicitude in these matters?

'The agreement must go through.' Who is to say 'must'? Who the devil is he? We are not children to be blindly ordered about. I dislike the way he seems to speak, and I dislike the way he signs himself—LEONIDAS, in capital letters. There is no Christian name. I have looked up Debretts, and there is no lord of that name, and therefore he has no right to sign himself without his Christian name, or the initials. I have made discreet inquiries by telephone. (Mercifully the telephone is near the front door and I can keep my eye on the letter-box even while I am phoning, but no one has heard of him, absolutely no one at all.) The agreement must go through. There was no agreement. I said so in my note to him. Then why insist on it when, if I so desired, I could arrange that the whole village would refuse?

There are amusing aspects of the thing. An inventory of coffins? But not all the coffins are known. An inventory of the old photographs, of locks of hair, of French letters? Absurd, you will say? But this is a civilised village, where we pay great attention to small matters. *There are things that we do not know.* Then how, even if we desired it, could we sell the village to him, when the sum total of the things in the village are unknown and therefore have no valuation put on them. We could do our best? We could perhaps suggest an approximate figure, but I am determined not to be duped again. If there is a valuation, we must make an honest effort to be accurate. I can do nothing except delay matters, and this I shall do . . .

III

I have seen Leonidas. Before I explain how this occurred, it will be necessary to introduce a short preamble. As far as I can, I shall try to explain

matters without introducing myself, although it should be obvious to the meanest intelligence that Leonidas and myself have much in common. There are, on the other hand, things in which we differ profoundly, and these are precisely the things which will always hold up negotiations between us.

I say I have seen Leonidas, meaning by that I have seen Leonidas *in the flesh*. This is strictly true, but at the same time needs some elaboration. To his message: 'The agreement must go through. I rely on you,' I replied: 'Dear Leonidas. There can be no agreement. I am not the responsible agent.' This is clear enough, surely, even though, in fact, if there were such a thing as a responsible agent, I would be he. He answered—the letter came at night—with a single sentence. This in itself was strange, for previously there were always two sentences. The sentence was: 'Meet me in the vestry.' There was no time or date. It might have meant anything. I made the usual inquiries. There was a vestry meeting on the Wednesday, and another on the Sunday. So obviously he would not show himself up during a meeting. This was something to go on. Not much, but something I didn't realise till afterwards, that it would have been better if I had not gone. It was probably curiosity—the remorseless curiosity which obsesses me at all times, in all weathers and under all circumstances, *to know what is going on.*

It is not, of course, that I am in any way involved in the matter. On the contrary. Even when I had seen him and spoken to him, I remained detached, quietly observant, with one finger of my right hand on the pulse of my left wrist. I expected him to have an overwhelming personality. It was nothing of the sort. He was shorter than I expected and, though I say it myself, far more nervous than I was.

I am aware that my education is such that I have the greatest possible interest in people, in the clockwork that makes them go round. So when I saw Leonidas in the vestry, you may rest assured that I took particular notice of his motives. It is not simply a question of appetites. He may have had, probably did have, an *appetite* for the village, but there were also hard-headed motives; and it is precisely these motives which have led me into a quandary, for even now I have no idea what these motives are. Does he think he is God?

He wanted the village. There was no doubt about that. I asked the girl who attends to my washing-up to look after the house. I went to the vestry that evening, when it was dark. The church is so poor (largely as a result of the re-allocation of village funds) that they cannot afford lamp-shades in the vestry. So there was the naked unprotected electric light. I detest unshaded lamps, but there was nothing I could do about it; and besides, I had forgotten—do they expect me to remember everything?—that the lamp was unshaded. I confess I was not prepared for it. We are proud of the comforts of our village. The Ways and Means Committee itself finances the layettes for expectant mothers but, owing to the cost of the archaeological survey, we have been negligent about church matters. The

altar-cloths are eaten by moths. The vicar himself is down-at-heel. There is no room in the whole village quite so barren, so heartrendingly barren as the vestry. I went there. I switched on the light, and there he was.

I knew he was there, but I could not see him. I knew it in my bones. I said very softly: 'Is Leonidas there?' and he answered: 'Yes, sit down, don't face the door.' Like a fool I obeyed. I sat down at my usual place at the head of the table. (The vicar sits on my right.) I said: 'I am prepared to listen to any statement you make. You know, I have no authority to act for the villagers.' He answered: 'It is not a question of authority. It never is.' 'Then what is it?' He was silent for a while, then he said: 'The final decision comes from you.'

I must confess this pleased me. It meant that the final decision did not rest with Leonidas. To humour him, I said: 'Have you anything more to say now?' He answered: 'No'. I had the trump card up my sleeve and said: 'You know, the difficulty will always rest with the valuation. No valuation is possible without months of hard work. Had you ever thought of that?' He said: 'How do you define value? Does it mean that you are going to place a monetary value, or some other value?'

I had not expected this. In our village the question of valuation is understood only in one sense—in terms of local inflated currency. I suppose there are other ways of valuation, but they had never occurred to me.

'Barter,' he said.

'I must say, I don't understand you, Leonidas.'

'Oh, it's simple—desperately simple. We could barter one village against another. There needn't be any financial transaction. Besides, my bank would not accept your cheques.'

'I see.'

I was determined to think this over. I hadn't realised up to that moment what he was up against. But how barter our village with its earthworks, its impregnable defences, its model prison, its maternity care, its carefully-arranged graveyard, the dead of one century buried deeper than the dead of another century—how, I say, barter our village with another? Could we expect to find anywhere else a brand-new guillotine?

'This is all very mysterious, my dear Leonidas. You have made a suggestion, the precise suggestion being that you will take over my village. But how? A village isn't *taken over*. It is. It exists in its own right, as I exist in my own right. We perform duties, of course. Rights equal duties. We have a complex juridical system, far more complex than that of any village in the county. The complexity of village life! No, Leonidas, if I may dare to give you some good advice, may I suggest that you buy up your real estate elsewhere.'

'It is not a question of real estate.'

'Then what is it?'

'I wish I knew—mythology, sex, I suppose, and the sheer interest of it.'

'In what way—sheer interest?'

'It would take too long to explain. The important thing is that you have made your offer.'

I said loudly: 'You have something up your sleeve.' I knew then that all our theories about the subsidence were wrong. Somehow Leonidas was responsible for it.

He laughed. That was the awful thing—he laughed.

'No, nothing really. I wish you would make your decision.'

'I can't.'

'Why not?' There was the same low, cunning, dirty laughter. 'You know, you've made a great number of decisions. You must have, Mr. Chairman.'

It was the first time he had addressed me by my title.

'I am not going to make any decisions,' I said, 'until I have consulted the Ways and Means Committee.'

'You are the Committee.'

'It is not a very pleasant way of putting it, Leonidas. I am not. There is the Committee and it exists in its own right, and you must be perfectly aware of the fact. You have owned villages before?'

'Never.'

'But you have some knowledge, I hope, about how they work?'

'None at all.'

'Or at least a certain—'

'Let us be quite clear, Mr. Chairman. I know nothing. I want to buy the village, or barter it, or take it over in whatever way is most suitable to you. Do you understand?'

I confess I did understand. I understood something. I understood, shall we say, something of his implacable character, his remorseless unyielding 'logic'. Though I could not see him, I could imagine—not tall, with a square face, holding his head high, laughing through gold-filled teeth. He was argumentative, but not profound; infinitely disturbing; wholly metamorphosis. He would never openly change his mind, but it was always being changed for him. He is the kind of man who would speak reverently of peace and injudiciously of war, and understand neither, because he was never in a position of authority in any village. I didn't know where he was. Was he behind the door? Was he under the surplices which hung on a rack? The surplices are very near the door.

He said: 'What are you going to do about the girl who is condemned to death?'

It had nothing to do with him. He comes from another village. I reminded him that the laws of the village were inviolable. He said nothing. He realised, I think, that he had overstepped the mark. Then immediately afterwards he spoke of barter.

'I can give you another village. It's what you want, isn't it?'

I wanted time to think about it.

'I can't answer you,' I said. 'There are too many imponderables. There is also the question of the villagers' opinions to be consulted.'

Then—I swear it—for the first time he came out from under the surplices, smiling with gold-filled teeth, superbly confident in himself. He wore dark clothes. It was hard to distinguish him from the surplices. He stood there for a moment, then a black-gloved hand went to the door, and he had vanished.

IV

The subsidence has continued. The people are in terror. Proclamations have been put out; and because the sense of guilt has descended once again upon the village, it has been decided not to proceed with the execution of the girl who murdered her illegitimate child.

The subsidence is a serious matter, causing inexplicable fears of starvation. This itself has increased the sense of guilt. Who is responsible? Once again I suspect Leonidas. But why? Why is he doing this? We are blameless. Or is it my fault for having invented the guillotine? We must be patient, think clearly, attend church regularly. We must be prepared—I am referring to the Ways and Means Committee, which is in charge of finance and public health—to make terms with Leonidas. The borough engineers say that the earth is sinking into itself. It is nonsense, of course. Can anything sink into itself? Where? How? Why? I have put another advertisement in the public post office. I am prepared to meet Leonidas on an equal footing. Is it some new explosive which is undermining us? Is it deliberate or accidental? In my speech I said: 'The village faces its gravest hour.' Unexpectedly, they did not applaud.

It is the *character* of Leonidas which appals me. His messages were never sincere; he never offered to buy the village; he was merely attempting to find out our real position. He could almost be described as a spy. The messages were bluff. The meeting in the vestry was bluff—absurdly melodramatic. Why not speak openly, unless of course there was something to conceal? I have done my best. I have made an appeal to the villagers to defend themselves at all costs; for the first time they have been fully armed; we are prepared for anything. We know—I write this with the utmost gravity—we know we are defending not only the graveyard, but the very carefully-regulated graveyards which lie underneath it to a depth of fifteen hundred feet. Below that depth there are no graveyards.

I add here, for the sake of future generations, the closing words of my speech to the villagers. There was no time to prepare the speech, no time to prepare a platform. I spoke from the steps of the guillotine.

I said: 'We meet at the gravest crisis ever known. All that the village means must be defended. We have decided, the Ways and Means Committee have decided, to proceed immediately, by virtue of the powers entrusted to us, in a general mobilisation. We will defend ourselves to the bitter end.'

Of course there was little applause, but I was pleased to notice how the villagers took these words in the manner of heroes. They were glorious.

I assure you they were glorious. The armouries were opened. They were given their assignments over against the earthworks. Even the prisoners clamoured for arms, and because we had so much trust in the good sense of the villagers, we knew that we were perfectly safe in handing ammunition and guns to them. They are there now; and I am in the post office waiting for a last message from Leonidas.

Later: the subsidence continues. The guillotine still stands.

I have put a notice on the post office board, asking for one further interview with Leonidas. It will come. I am sure it will come, but what troubles me beyond anything is that the subsidence is affecting the graveyard, and the state of war against unknown forces is affecting the morality of the girls. Indescribable error and guilt will pursue us. The vicar is in the church, praying for the soul of Leonidas and those who have already fallen. They have not yet fallen in battle—a truly heroic end. They have fallen in the complete sense of the word 'fallen'. The earth opened under them and they fell in.

At last a message from Leonidas. It was sent through the post in the ordinary way. He says: 'I will give you a new graveyard. Begin again.'

Perturbed by these words, and cannot understand them. Begin again after all this turmoil? These centuries of administrative efficiency, of archaeological surveys, of carefully-arranged burials? No. We shall fight to the bitter end.

On second thoughts, having learned that the graveyard was now under water and the vicar was last seen swimming round the steeple, which itself was only a few inches above water, I have decided to make one last appeal to Leonidas. I cannot begin again. The responsibility is too great. Must we go through all that long process which leads to the victorious heights of mechanical efficiency, the production of so many useful articles by mechanical means, motor cars, nylons, electric light—those endless products of the fertile imaginations and skills of our countrymen? These are things which I cannot understand. I have asked for clarification. None has come. Begin again? But where? In this village which is already three-quarters under water. A thousand times No. Impossible. What can he mean? That is, if he means anything.

Later: The water is coming round the post office. It is mounting at the rate of three-and-a-quarter inches an hour according to the meteorologist who is with me. It is insane. All our work, all our ardour, all the heroism of the villagers, has come to nothing. We are, of course, taking cinematograph pictures. This, together with my diary, will be committed—'committed' is the word I have chosen after considerable thought—to a metal tube which will enable it to float freely for the benefit of future generations of men. The vicar has disappeared. The guillotine is under water. The flag on the model prison towers has disappeared. The water is up to my neck. Leonidas must be insane.

The meteorologist has tested the water for radioactivity. There is none. I must repeat here for the last time, before the water entirely engulfs me,

that it is impossible at this late hour to begin again. We have done our best. The graveyard was the best in the world. Did he expect us to build a crematorium? Why did he hide himself under surplices in the vestry? What crime had we committed? Everything was in order. There were charabancs every hour. There were two pairs of nylons for each woman each year. Justice was based on the Roman law, with few exceptions. We built up a rational village. There was no message from Leonidas. Is it my fault? I did my best. On my gravestone, if my body is ever found, I would like to see the inscription: 'Here died a good man.'

I am swimming about, writing. I can see parts of the village below me. There is no sign of a ship, no sign of telegraph wires and, worst of all, there is no post office any more. The great difficulty lay in the problems of communication. These we did not solve. A pity. A better telegraph, and we might have got in touch with Leonidas. Not just the notice-board.

Later: Drowning. I can swim about a little longer. Quite a lot of us are. I amuse myself by trying to find the members of the Ways and Means Committee. It would be worth while to discuss with them in the most scholarly and humane fashion Leonidas's last order. It's mysterious. I wonder what the devil he meant by it. 'I'll give you a new graveyard. Begin again.' Firmly convinced he should be certified.

LETTER FROM VIENNA

LESLIE PAUL

THE Danube glints through the mist, a bronze blade, as the plane banks and turns to come in at the airport. It slants this way and that, and unexpectedly turns on its head, but it is the same Danube. Only the Danube is bright: beyond it on either side, in the thickening mist, Austria looks as cold and as unromantic as a sea fog. On the tarmac by the wet, withered grass there is a handful of wooden huts: not very impressive: the casual Austrian and American officials behind their wooden counters seem curious only about the dollars one holds—nothing else much matters—and with the minimum of ceremony we are on our way. One drives to Vienna in a Pan-American Airways bus, a machine as blatant as a juke-box, and *nouveau-riche* among the lumbering peasant carts, the boys on bicycles, the shawled women pulling wooden trucks piled with logs or vegetables along the steeply-cambered cobbled roads. We have no manners: we ride upon our strident hoot which probes even farther into the night before us than our powerful headlights. Yet we don't arouse much curiosity: the faces turn from the lighted tavern windows at our blare and watch us

idly, and the knots of children at street corners stare enthralled at the splendid, vulgar monster, but the lovers under the lamp do not even look up. It is a long drive, and curiously one does not see a single one of the expected Russians. But if a single Russian sees us, he will no doubt conclude that what his papers say about bourgeois opulence is quite authentic. In this snug and roaring rug one feels as cushioned from reality as the proverbial bug.

We reach a Vienna warmed by its yellow lights. They throw a candle's goldenness about the peeling façades of the shabby old houses of the inner suburbs, and in the broad Ringstrasse, among batswings of darkness in a veritable *Third Man* atmosphere, they light up here and there the stone fronts of the imperial buildings—the old War Office, the Police Presidency, the monster twin museums devoted to art and natural history, and the dark silent crag of the Opera. The grass has been planted again on the little plots beside the tramlines where, in 1945, a shattered Vienna had to bury her dead, and the unscathed plane-trees wave bare arms above them. The police look as imperial as ever; there are warmly-clad crowds in Kärtnerstrasse; the shops are brilliant with neon lighting. It is as if one has turned back the years to 1937.

In the morning one discovers that all is not quite what it once was. Many streets are gap-toothed, and there are still considerable areas of destruction untouched, like that around the immense Amalienbad. But the rubble has gone, and there is furious reconstruction everywhere. Above the burnt-out Opera the girders of a new roof are rising, and St. Stephan's is crowned with a handsome peak of red-painted steel girders. One of the last acts of the vindictive Nazis was to fire the old Cathedral and bring down its steeply-raked roof of black, green and white tiles in ruins. But now, so familiar has the delicate lattice of red become, that it is a symbol of the new Vienna. You find it on posters everywhere.

And the Stock im Eisern is not in its place. The niche is empty. The story is told that the caretaker of the building, on the corner of the Graaben where it normally stands, hid it in his cellars 'because of the Russians', and there it is likely to remain—'because of the Russians'. And that is, too, why the Spanish Riding School is a dusty echoing ruin, and the magnificent white horses are pastured on a farm in the British Zone. Yet the Russian soldiers one sees look an innocuous lot—far less showy than the Americans. The sentries are callow boys—exactly the tall, thin, fair type one saw in Leningrad in the schools and academies, nervous to the point of blushing, and hardly old enough to shave, or else dark, squat creatures from the other shores of the myserious Russian empire. Most of the work must be done by officers. Russian officers drive Russian officers around in jeeps and, like the sentries, they walk two by two, or four by four. They are romantic, in sweeping winter over-greatcoats and lambswool hats; but in summer in drab blouses and baggy riding breeches they look very much like any pre-1914 Balkan Army. One scrutinises with care these enigmatic beings, anxious to learn, if one possibly can, what makes them tick. Do they feel anxious and insecure, menaced by a lavish Vienna? Or are they as proud as Cromwell's

Ironsides, despising in their puritanical righteousness our sinful indulgence? One guesses that they are conscious of being an elect, and just as conscious also of being under the watchful eyes of the censorious elders of the kirk. They tread as carefully as Puritans our wicked world, and never laugh. The effort to bear the red man's burden has changed the character of the Russians: it has swept away that volatility, those tremendous surges of temperament which shine through the wild, swirling dances of Prince Igor, which the State Opera is doing so miraculously well in the old and not very well adapted Theater an der Wien in the Nasch Markt. But one must beware of hasty generalisations. After all, they will wear two wrist watches with a Tonga Islander's glee of possession, and they long for finery. The Russian colonel's wife who sat beside me in the opera, a worn and nervous creature, in a black dress like old alpaca, through which her painful thinness wept, took out of her handbag her large bottle of Coty or whatever it was, drenched her handkerchief and patted herself with it time and time again during the performance. And the lads in the barracks still have their fling. If it is not as brutal as it was in the first days of the occupation, the Russians are still first in the bastardy stakes. The Vienna Municipality has some 26,000 wards in its children's homes, and of these about 2,500 are the children of foreign soldiery. The Russians are said to have fathered about 50 per cent of these, the Americans 30 per cent, the British 15 per cent, and the French account for the remainder. (The French, after all, are few.) The British, as one might expect, make the best daddies. They come along to the homes to play with their babies, and talk proudly of them: if it were not for wives, sweethearts, and maybe jobs too, waiting for them in England, they would settle down in Vienna to a cosy domesticity. The French are the most dutiful: they claim their children and ship them to France to homes or orphanages or even to join the legitimate offspring. The Russians do nothing: they have only an ideological interest. 'And do our Russian children already speak Russian?' a member of a visiting Commission of the U.S.S.R. asked the principal of one of the babies' homes. It was the one point of consequence.

The Viennese love a good story, and they tell with glee of the young Vienna girl who gave birth to two little darkies with corkscrew curls and liquid black eyes. Despite this misfortune, she insisted that they should be christened Waltruda and Gertruda, names which took first place in the Nazi stud-book during the 'racial purity' days because of their roots deep in the Nordic past. The noise of the racial purists turning in their graves on christening day caused the whole town to tremble.

The Viennese, however, have lost some of their *Gemütlichkeit*, even if the whipped cream has come back to the coffee. But they cling to such relics of the good life as they can; and the coffee-houses with their polite waiters, plush seats and tiny glasses of crystal-clear Alpine water are unchanged. Even if a cup of coffee and a cream cake cost the moon, you can still read all the newspapers over them, which still come to you in those curious wicker-frames like music stands. Quite unchanged, too, is the Viennese fatalism. When the Russians go, they will have their country back again. But will

they go? They shrug their shoulders. And what sort of country will it be? The tiny, bloody and fratricidal Austria which ended up in the maw of Germany has little appeal. There is a deep regret for the Empire of Franz-Josef, which was so casually and with so little forethought pulled down overnight. A recent book, *Letzter Glanz der Märchenstadt* by Otto Friedlaender, a music critic of the *Wiener Kurier*, tells of the last glories of the fabled imperial city; it speaks in lovely German for something deep in the heart of the Viennese. For Vienna has lost the meaning it once had, and can only regain it as a capital of a Danubian federation.

One can still take the 38 tram from Schottenring out to the funny little tram-station at Grinzing. There a grey bus climbs the hill-road which winds through Heuriger gardens and vineyards to Cobenzl and Kahlenberg. When we reach the top, the conductor obligingly switches off the interior lights of the bus so that we may feast undisturbed on the brilliant panorama of lights. From the terrace at Kahlenberg we look down on a sea of stars: the roads and squares sparkle in the frost, and the whole of Vienna winds out in *couloirs* of light from the Ringstrasse and the Gürtel. It is like a newly-discovered nebula: or strangely like the candle-lit avenues of the dead in the Zentralfriedhof on All Soul's Night. But there it is, so near that one bends over it, a miraculous resurrection, the immemorial city that no one knows what to do with.

As we came up in the bus, shabby groups with bundles about them crowded in. Their clothes were fantastic and mis-shapen, their bundles those of beggars and foragers in all ages. They talked in alien tongues. They were Ukrainians, or Balts, or Rumanians or other peoples from the East. They were coming up the hill to return to the D.P. camps which dot the slopes. There are 100,000 of them in Vienna alone and 500,000 altogether in Austria, and no one knows what is to become of them. The good Viennese housewife, who must be up at dawn, and who sets up shutters, locks doors and switches out the lights at nine o'clock at night, thinks of these strange homeless people as her predecessors thought of the Turks or the Hungarians —as a dangerous, immoral, gipsy-like incursion of Asia into a Western city. It was Metternich who long ago saw the contradiction in Vienna's situation. 'Vienna listens still to Europe, but out on the highroad Asia begins,' he said. But—alas for the Viennese!—never since the days of Kara Mustapha has Asia been so powerful or so menacing, or Christendom so weak.

BETWEEN YES AND NO

ALBERT CAMUS

IF it be true that the only paradise is that which one has lost, I know what name to give that something tender and inhuman which dwells within me today. An emigrant comes back to his native land. And I, I remember. Irony, tautness, all is silent, and here am I repatriated. I do not want to ponder my happiness. It is a good deal simpler and a good deal easier than that. For of those hours which I summon up from the depth of oblivion, there has been preserved intact the memory of a pure emotion, of a moment suspended in eternity. That alone is true in me, and I am always aware of it too late. We take pleasure in the trailing off of a gesture, in the propriety of a tree in the landscape. And all we have for re-creating this love is a detail, though an adequate detail: the odour of a room that has remained closed too long, the peculiar sound of a footstep on the road. And so with me. And if I loved at the time and gave of myself, I was myself at last, since only love restores us to ourselves.

Slow, peaceful and sober, these hours return, just as potent, just as moving —because it is evening, because the hour is sad and there is a kind of vague desire in the starless sky. Each recaptured gesture reveals me to myself. Someone once said to me, 'It's so difficult to live.' And I remember the tone. Another time someone murmured, 'The worst mistake, after all, is to make someone suffer.' When all is over, the thirst for life is quenched. Is that what is called happiness? As we look back over these memories, we clothe everything in the same sober garment, and death appears like a backdrop with faded tones. We rake up our past. We feel our distress, and we love the better for it. Yes, maybe that's what happiness is, the pathetic feeling of our unhappiness.

That's just what it's like this evening. In this Moorish café, at the far end of the Moorish town, I remember, not a happiness gone by, but rather a strange feeling. It is already night. On the walls, sheikhs clothed in green are being pursued among leafy palms by canary-yellow lions. In a corner of the café an acetylene lamp casts a flickering light. The real lighting comes from a little enamelled oven in the fireplace. The flame lights up the centre of the room and I feel the shadows it casts on my face. I am facing the door and the bay. The proprietor of the café, crouching in a corner, seems to be looking at my empty glass, at the bottom of which is a mint leaf. Nobody inside, the noise of the city below, farther off, lights on the bay. I hear the Arab breathing very hard, and his eyes gleam in the shadow. Is that the sound of the sea off in the distance? The world is sighing out to me in a long rhythm, and brings me the indifference and the tranquillity of that which does not die. The lions on the walls undulate in the great red shadows of the flame.

The beacons begin to turn: a green light, a red one, a white one. And always the great sigh of the world. A kind of secret song is born of this indifference. And here am I repatriated. I think of a child who lived in a poor neighbourhood. What a neighbourhood, what a house! It was only one storey high and there was no light on the stairway. Now again, years later, he could go back there in the middle of the night. He knows that he would climb the stairway at full speed without even once stumbling. His very body is permeated with this house. His legs still retain the exact measurement of the height of the steps; his hand, the instinctive horror, which he has never overcome, of the banister. And it was because of the cockroaches.

On summer evenings, the workmen sit on the balconies. In his house there was only a tiny window. So they used to bring chairs down in front of the house and enjoy the evening. There was the street, the dairyman next door, the cafés opposite and the noise of children running from door to door. But above all, between the big ficus trees, there was the sky. There is a solitude in poverty, but a solitude which restores to each thing its value. At a certain degree of fortune, the sky itself and the starry night seem to be natural wealth. But at the bottom of the scale, the sky takes on its full meaning: a priceless grace. Summer nights, mysteries in which stars sputtered. Behind the child was a smelly hallway, and his little chair, which was punctured, sagged beneath him slightly. But his eyes were turned upward and he drank from the pure night. At times a big trolley-car would rush by. A drunkard would croon at a street corner without managing to disturb the silence.

The mother of the child remained just as silent. Occasionally someone would ask her, 'What are you thinking about?' 'Nothing,' she would answer. And it was quite true. Everything was there, therefore nothing. Her life, her interests, her children, were simply there, too natural a presence to be felt. She was frail and had difficulty thinking. She had a harsh and dominating mother to whose egotism, like that of a pampered pet, everything had to be sacrificed, and for a long time she had been dominating her daughter's weak spirit. Though emancipated by her marriage, the daughter docilely returned home when her husband died. He had died on the field of honour, as they say. In a prominent place could be seen the *croix de guerre* and the military medal in a gilded frame. The hospital also sent the widow a shell splinter that had been found in his flesh. The widow kept it. Her grief is a thing of the past. She has forgotten her husband but still speaks of her children's father. She works in order to provide for them and gives her money to her mother. The latter brings them up with a whip. When she hits too hard, her daughter says, 'Don't hit on the head.' Because they are her children, she is fond of them. She loves them equally with a love which has never been revealed to them. At times, such as evenings like this which he remembers, when she would return from an exhausting day's work (she did housecleaning), she would find the house empty. The old woman would be out shopping, the children still at school. She would then sink down in a chair and would sit and stare vacantly at a groove in the floor. The night would deepen about her, and in the darkness such silence would be irremediably

desolate. If the child entered at such a moment, he would make out the thin outline with the bony shoulders and would stop: he was frightened. He was beginning to feel a lot of things. He was just beginning to grow aware of his own existence. But it hurt to cry before this animal silence. He pitied his mother. Did that mean that he loved her? She had never caressed him because she would not have known how to. He would then remain watching her for endless minutes. Feeling strange, he would grow aware of his pain. She would not hear him, for she was deaf with fatigue. The old woman would return shortly thereafter; life would be reborn, the round light of the kerosene lamp, the oilcloth, the cries, the coarse words. But for the time being, the silence marks a stopping point, a moment beyond reckoning. Because he has felt this confusedly, the child thinks that the burst of feeling within him is love for his mother. And he ought to, for after all it is his mother.

She is not thinking of anything. Outside is the light, the noises; here, the silence in the night. The child will grow up, will learn. They are bringing him up and they will expect gratitude, as if they were sparing him suffering. His mother will always have these spells of silence. And he will grow in suffering. Being a man, that's what counts. His grandmother will die, then his mother, and he.

The mother has jumped up with a start. She has been frightened. He looks idiotic staring at her that way. Let him go do his homework. The child has done his homework. Today he is in a sordid café. He is now a man. Isn't that what counts? The answer must be no, since doing one's homework and agreeing to be a man lead to being old.

The Arab in his corner, still squatting, is holding his feet between his hands. From the terraces, a smell of grilled coffee rises up with the lively chattering of young voices. A tugboat again sounds its deep and tender note. The world draws to a close here, as every day, and nothing now remains of all its measureless torments but this promise of peace. The indifference of this strange mother! Only the immense solitude of the world shows me what it really is. One night, her son—who was already grown—was called to her side. She had received a shock which resulted in a serious emotional disturbance. She was in the habit of sitting out on the balcony at the end of the day. She would take a chair and put her mouth on the cold, salty iron of the balcony. She would then watch the people go by. Behind her, the night would gradually deepen. In front of her, the stores would suddenly light up. The street would swell with people and light. She would lose herself in an aimless contemplation. On the evening in question, a man had suddenly appeared behind her, had dragged her, treated her brutally and fled upon hearing some noise. She had seen nothing and had fainted. She was lying in bed when her son arrived. He decided, upon the advice of a doctor, to spend the night at her side. He stretched out on the bed, beside her, upon the blankets. It was summer. The fear of the recent scene lingered in the overheated room. Footsteps shuffled by and doors creaked. In the heavy air floated the odour of the vinegar which had been used to revive the sick person. She tossed about, whimpered, at times awoke with a start. She

would tear him out of the short naps from which he would rise up, dripping with sweat, already alert, and into which he would heavily fall back after a glance at the watch on which, for the third time, the flame of the night lamp danced about. It was not until later that he felt how alone they had been that night. Alone against all. The 'others' slept through the hours when they two were breathing fever. Everything in that old house then seemed hollow. As the midnight trolleys rattled off into the distance, they drained away the hope that comes to us from men, all the certainties we derive from the noise of cities. The house would resound a while with their passing and then gradually all would grow silent. All that remained was a big garden of silence in which there shot up the frightened groans of the invalid. Never had he felt at such a loss. The world had dissolved, and along with it the illusion that life begins anew every day. Nothing existed any more, studies or ambitions, preferences in the restaurant or favourite colours. Nothing but the illness and death into which he felt himself plunged. . . . And yet, the very hour that the world was crumbling, he was living. And he had even fallen asleep finally. Not, however, without carrying with him the desperate and tender image of their dual solitude. Later on, much later, he was to remember that mixed odour of sweat and vinegar, the moment when he had felt the bonds that linked him to his mother. As if it were the immense pathos of her heart, spread about him, become tangible, and playing earnestly, heedless of imposture, the rôle of a poor old woman with a pathetic destiny.

Now the fire in the hearth is covered over with ashes. And always the same sigh of the earth. A derbouka utters its rippling chant. A merry woman's voice flattens against it. Lights are moving up the bay, probably fishing boats returning to the harbour. The triangle of sky which I see from where I sit is free of the daytime clouds. Crammed with stars, it quivers in a passing breath of wind and the velvet wings of night beat slowly about me. How far will the night go, this night to which I no longer belong? There is a dangerous quality in the word simplicity. And tonight I understand that one can want to die because, as regards a certain transparency of life, nothing is important any more. A man suffers and undergoes one misfortune after another. He endures them, settles down in his destiny. He is esteemed. And then, one night, nothing. He meets a friend of whom he has been very fond. The latter speaks to him in an off-hand way. When he gets home, the man kills himself. People then speak of personal troubles and secret dramas. No. And if there absolutely must be a cause, he killed himself because a friend spoke to him off-handedly. Thus, every time I have seemed to feel the deeper meaning of the world, it is its simplicity which has always overwhelmed me. My mother that evening, and her strange indifference. Another time, I lived in a cottage in the suburbs with a dog, two cats and their kittens, all black. The mother couldn't nurse them. One by one the kittens died. They would fill their room with muck. And every evening when I returned, I would find one all rigid with its lips curled up. One evening I found the last kitten half eaten by its mother. It had already begun to smell. The odour of death mingled with the odour of urine. I sat

down in the midst of all this wretchedness, and, with my hands in the muck, breathing the odour of putrefaction, I stared for a long time at the wild flame blazing in the green eyes of the mother who crouched motionless in a corner. Yes. That's just what it's like this evening. At a certain point of destitution, nothing leads to anything any more; there seems to be no basis for either hope or hopelessness, and my whole life is summed up in an image. But why stop there? Simple, everything is simple; in the lighthouse beacons, a green light, a red one, a white one; in the coolness of the evening and the odours of the city and the squalor which rise up to me. If this evening it is the image of a certain childhood which comes back to me, how can I help welcoming the lesson of love and poverty which I draw from it? Since this hour is like an interval between yes and no, I leave for other hours the hope and disgust of living. Yes, to epitomise only the transparence and simplicity of lost paradises—in an image. And thus it is that not long ago, in a house in an old neighbourhood, a son went to see his mother. They are sitting facing one another, in silence. But their eyes meet.

'Well, mamma?'

'Well, all right.'

'Are you bored? Don't I talk enough?'

'Oh, you never talked much.'

And a lovely, lipless smile melts over her face. It's true, he never did talk to her much. But really, what need is there? Through silence the situation clarifies. He is her son, she is his mother. She can say to him, 'You know.'

She is sitting at the foot of the sofa, her feet together, her hands together on her knees. He sits on a chair, hardly looks at her and smokes one cigarette after another. A silence.

'You shouldn't smoke so much.'

'That's true.'

The whole smell of the neighbourhood comes in through the window. The accordion in the nearby café, the heavy evening traffic, the smell of the skewers of broiled meat that one eats between rubbery rolls, a child crying in the street. The mother gets up and takes a piece of knitting. Her fingers are stiff and deformed by arthritis. She doesn't work quickly, doing the same stitch three times or undoing a whole row with a dull sputtering.

'It's a little vest. I'll wear it with a white collar. That and my black coat, and I'll be dressed for the season.'

She has got up to put on a light.

'It's getting dark early these days.'

Which was true. It was no longer summer and not yet fall. Martlets were still crying in the gentle sky.

'Will you come again soon?'

'But I haven't gone yet? Why do you say that?'

'No, it was just to say something.'

A trolley goes by. An auto.

'Is it true that I resemble my father?'

'The spitting image of your father. Of course, you didn't know him. You

were six months old when he died. But if you had a little moustache. . . . '

He spoke of his father without conviction. No memory, no emotion. Probably a man like a lot of others. Moreover, he had gone off very enthusiastically. His skull ripped open at the Marne. Blind and in agony for a week, his name inscribed on the monument to the local war dead.

'After all,' she said, 'it's better. He would have come back blind or crazy, the poor thing.'

'That's true.'

Just what is it that keeps him in that room, if not the certainty that it's always better, the feeling that the whole absurd simplicity of the world has taken refuge in this room.

'Will you be back?' she asks. 'I know you've got work to do. But, from time to time. . . . '

But right now, where am I? And how am I to separate this empty café from that room of the past? I no longer know whether I am living or whether I am remembering. The lighthouse beacons are there before me. And the Arab getting up in front of me tells me that he is going to close. I have to leave. I no longer want to go down that dangerous slope. It is true that I take a last look at the bay and its lights, that what rises up to me is not the hope of better days, but a scene, and primitive indifference to everything and to myself. But that soft and easy curve must be broken. And I need my lucidity. Yes, everything is simple. It's men who complicate things. Don't let them tell us otherwise. Don't let them say to us about the man condemned to death that 'he's going to pay his debt to society', but rather that 'they're going to cut his head off.' This may not seem like much, but it makes a bit of a difference. And then there are people who prefer to look their fate in the eyes.

In February 1905, a group of terrorists organised the assassination of Grand Duke Serge in Moscow. This incident forms the basis of LES JUSTES, the new play by Albert Camus, which recently opened in Paris. 'I have even kept Kaliayev's own name for the hero of LES JUSTES', explains the author, 'not from any imaginative laziness but from a feeling of respect for men and women who, in the most pitiless of tasks, were not able to overcome their heart. Since then, it is true, we have progressed, and the hatred, which was an intolerable suffering to these exceptional minds, has become a comfortable system. All the more reason for evoking these great shadows, their just revolt, their difficult fraternity, the frantic efforts they made to attune themselves to murder —and at the same time to give expression to our own loyalty'.

WORLD REVIEW announces the publication of this remarkable play in an early issue.

THE INTELLECTUAL ERROR OF COMMUNISM

BERTRAND RUSSELL

DURING the dark days of the First World War, the Russian Revolution seemed like a sudden golden dawn in the East. Our alliance with Tsarist tyranny since 1907 had oppressed the hearts of all humane and progressive people in the West; now at last it seemed that the immense weight of Russia was to be thrown in favour of the things that we desired. The blind and mendacious hatred that reactionaries displayed towards the Soviet régime made it easy to regard all criticism as mere propaganda. When I decided, in 1920, that the aims and methods of the Soviet Government were abhorrent to me, almost all my friends of the Left were horrified and condemned me as a renegade. Gradually, with the years, the number of those who have recanted has increased. Six important men have given their reasons for recanting in an important and valuable book, *The God that Failed* (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.). These six men—Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, André Gide, Louis Fischer and Stephen Spender—all had different reasons for leaving the Communist Party, but in every case they had reasons of which it would be difficult, except for a blind dogmatist, to question the validity. And in each case the experience of disillusion was terrible in proportion as the previous faith had been profound and sustaining.

Imagine St. John the Baptist transported by miracle to the Court of Alexander VI, seeing his murders, watching him encourage the crimes of Cesare Borgia, while he still pretended to act in the name of Him whom St. John had proclaimed as The Deliverer. What he would then have suffered is what these men have suffered in our time. True, their hopes were not rational: neither Marx nor Lenin had a gospel that should have held out much prospect of human salvation. You cannot gather grapes of thistles, and the writings of Marx and Lenin certainly contain more thistles than vines. But sensitive men who suffer profoundly from the spectacle of the misery inflicted by the cruelty and injustice of the strong may be pardoned for a generous enthusiasm towards those who proclaim themselves the champions of the oppressed, and who aver that their system will do away for ever with the preventible sufferings that men inflict upon one another. As Silone says:

> 'The spectacle of enthusiasm of Russian youth in their first years of the creation of a new world, which we all hoped would be more humane than the old one, was utterly convincing. And what a bitter disillusion it was, as the years went by and the new régime strengthened itself . . . to

see the long-promised ultimate democratization failing to come, and, instead, the dictatorship accentuating its repressive character.'

But he ends by re-affirming his unalterable faith in Socialism—provided it is democratic.

In the early years, the Soviet system was criticised almost exclusively by those who were opposed to Socialism. The more interesting criticism, which has come later, is that of Socialists, who find that what is being created in Russia is not at all the sort of thing that they had been intending to advocate. Socialism, from the first, had aimed at certain goals: a nearer approach to equality, a greater control by wage-earners over the conditions of their work, a diminution of irresponsible power, and, as result and incentive, an ultimate immense increase in general happiness. The realisation of these aims, the Socialists thought, required certain means, which were painful to the rich; fear of the means produced opposition, opposition led to bitterness and class war, and in the end there were many in whom hatred of opponents outweighed the original humanitarian motive. Marx sanctified the hatred and the strife. The gain to the wage-earner became emotionally, and even intellectually, less important than the injury to the capitalist. The present Soviet system is an externalisation of Marx's liverish misanthropy.

The reasons which led the six authors of *The God that Failed* to their final breach with Communism are interesting. Koestler, in the enforced leisure of a Spanish prison, became convinced of the importance of the individual. Silone, when asked to join in an official condemnation of a document written by Trotsky, asked to be allowed to see the document first; no, he was told, he could not see it, but Party discipline required that he should condemn it unseen. Richard Wright wished to remain an author, but found among the American comrades a profound suspicion of intellectuals, which soon led them to denounce him as a traitor. André Gide was chiefly horrified by the idolatry of Stalin and the absence of intellectual or artistic liberty. Louis Fischer, after many hesitations, at last broke with the Party on the occasion of the Hitler-Stalin Pact. Spender, who was not a member of the Party except for a very short time, was disgusted by the methods which Communists employed to subdue other groups among the Spanish loyalists, which were also the precipitating cause of Arthur Koestler's final revolt against Party orthodoxy.

For my part, while I consider that these are all just grounds of criticism, they seem to me—except as regards the importance of the individual—to be concerned with symptoms rather than with the fundamental cause of the malady. The fundamental cause, to my mind, is dogmatism and a complete absence of kindly feeling. It is the combination of these two defects, one intellectual and the other moral, that appears to justify the dictatorship and the use of cruel means for enforcing its success. Given these two defects—both of which already existed in Lenin—all the subsequent evils were bound to develop in due course, unless prevented by some external cause. Nothing different from what has happened ought to

have been expected by anyone with a knowledge of history, an understanding of human nature, or a philosophical realisation of the fallibility of dogmatic convictions. Unfortunately, when doubt becomes unbearable and uncertainty no longer endurable, when the spectacle of existing evils becomes so painful that the emotional demand for a quick cure grows irresistible, men refuse to listen any longer to cautious reason, and accept with the alacrity of abdication whatever unfounded gospel appears to promise relief. This has been the genesis of faith in the best of the devotees of Communism.

History has known many dogmatic dictatorships, and their record is not encouraging. The first historical character to found a government composed of men chosen for their adherence to a certain creed was Pythagoras, who for a time established his authority over the city of Croton, exhorting the inhabitants to study geometry and eschew beans. But whether from hatred of geometry or from love of beans, the citizens turned against him and he had to fly. A more important example was the mediaeval Church, which, though nominally founded upon a religion of love, endeavoured to enforce its tenets by means of the Inquisition. Cromwell's rule of the Saints was in many ways similar to Lenin's system: beginning with advocacy of democracy and freedom, it ended by establishing a hated military tyranny. The French Revolution, starting from the Rights of Man, produced first Robespierre and then Napoleon, neither of whom had any very noticeable respect for human rights. In all these cases the trouble came from dogmatic belief in a panacea—a belief so dogmatic, and a panacea so splendid, that any cruelty was thought permissible in bringing about the desired end.

In all these cases, as in Soviet Russia, there was an error in psychology. Power is sweet; it is a drug, the desire for which increases with habit. Those who have seized power, even for the noblest of motives, soon persuade themselves that there are good reasons for not relinquishing it. This is particularly likely to happen if they believe themselves to represent some immensely important cause. They will feel that their opponents are ignorant and perverse; before long, they will come to hate them. What right have these wretches to oppose the coming of the millennium? If they have to be persecuted, no doubt that is regrettable, but, after all, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. Meanwhile the pioneers, having established an oligarchy, are succeeded in their privileged position by men of more ordinary clay, who like the privileges but are not much interested in the millennium. For these new men, the important thing is to keep their power, not to use it as a means to an eventual paradise. And so what were means become ends, and the original ends are forgotten except on Sundays. It is an old story, and should be a familiar one, and yet Lenin and his admirers failed to draw the moral.

There was also what may be called a philosophical error. In the long catalogue of human folly an endless series of propositions, which afterwards turned out to be false, have been thought so indubitable as to justify

persecution of sceptics. Witchcraft, sorcery, black magic, though wicked, were firmly believed to be practised; innumerable victims died in agony because they were supposed guilty of these sins. A Spanish lady was tortured on the rack because she put on clean underclothes on Saturday and said that pork gave her indigestion, which caused the Inquisition to suspect her of being a Jewess. Quakers were persecuted for believing in the New Testament, and free thinkers for not believing in it. All these cruel absurdities diminished in the eighteenth century, and practically disappeared in the nineteenth. Our age has revived them. The theology of dialectical materialism is as subtle as that of Constantinople in the sixth century. (The reader will remember that the Emperor Justinian, in the opinion of his surviving orthodox contemporaries, went to hell for being an Aphthartodocetic.) And the penalty for heresy is as severe in modern Russia as in any former age of persecution. And this—O crowning absurdity—is done in the name of 'scientific Socialism'!

It is sometimes said: since we must act on our beliefs, how can we act if all our beliefs are doubtful? The answer is twofold. In the first place, there are degrees of doubtfulness; in some cases the doubt is almost *nil*. In the second place, some actions do little harm even if the belief that inspires them is false, while others do great harm unless the belief concerned is exactly true. If you are liquidated or burnt at the stake for disagreeing with the authorities about some abstruse theological point, only harm is done unless the authorities are exactly right not only in their opinion but in their belief that error on the point is disastrous. But if you take your umbrella believing it will rain, and then it is fine, no great harm results. The Communist theory of the dictatorship assumes that ultimate success in achieving the goal is certain—so certain as to justify a generation at least of poverty, slavery, hatred, spying, forced labour, extinction of independent thought, and refusal to co-operate in any way with nations that have heretical governments. Is there any proposition in the whole realm of human speculation that has this degree of certainty? I do not think so. And if there is, it is not the Stalinist *credo*.

From these fundamental mistakes, in history, in psychology and in philosophy, everything that is repellent in Communism has followed by inevitable logic. In 1918, the Constituent Assembly had an anti-Bolshevik majority; therefore the Bolsheviks, being certain that they were in the right, dismissed the Assembly, and were compelled to govern by naked force. Having no legal basis for their power, they had to forbid all other political parties. When a minority holds power by force, it has to depend upon the police: the situation creates police tyranny through fear of plots, the tyranny produces disaffection, and disaffection increases the fear of plots. This vicious spiral continually narrows the circle of those who have power, and increases the share of power belonging to those who control the police. Sooner or later the police, to keep their power, invent plots, or cause *agents provocateurs* to foment them. In the end every one suspects everyone; children denounce their parents, wives their husbands. No one

knows but what his turn may come tomorrow, for the firing squad, the secret prison, or the slow death of forced labour in the Arctic. This is the reality that came of a too fervent faith that the road to an earthly paradise had been found.

Originally the Communists, though they kept *power* in their own hands, made an attempt to secure *economic* equality, which had always been one of the professed aims of Socialism. The first generation, who had endured exile or persecution for their beliefs, continued to live austerely and simply. But all this changed, as everyone ought to have foreseen, when Communism became the obvious road to success and attracted careerists. What is the good of the power without the swag? And so economic inequality was deliberately re-introduced. Now, according to such information as is available, it is greater in Russia than in any other country. Trade Unions are a department of government; a disaffected worker can be sent to a labour camp or deprived of his ration card; the genuine proletarian is more powerless than he was in England in the worst days of the industrial revolution. The English treatment of agricultural labourers, as set forth in the Hammonds' *Village Labourer*, was appalling, but it was not in the same world with the death and deportation of millions of peasants deliberately brought about by Stalin. Oliver Twist's life in the workhouse was unpleasant, but it was heaven compared to that of homeless children in the Webbs' *New Civilisation.*

Servile labour in Russia, like the nineteenth-century poor law in England, is an example of humanitarianism gone askew. The original idea was that criminals are not innately vicious, but are victims of bad social conditions; give them wholesome conditions and honest work and they will reform. But Russia after the First World War was in a bad way, and if crime was not to be made attractive, the reformatory labour imposed on criminals had to be hard and unpleasant. Gradually, secrecy and despotic power produced their natural result. Labour camps were economically profitable; absence of machinery did not matter so much as with free labour; bad conditions did not matter at all—from the point of view of the authorities. And so criminals became useful, and the supply had to be kept up—by changes in the law, by purges, by deportations, especially of Poles and other conquered aliens. Some authorities estimate that sixteen per cent of adult males living in the territory of the U.S.S.R. are condemned to forced labour; this is probably an over-estimate, but the number certainly amounts to many millions. And there is no doubt whatever that their conditions are wretched beyond imagination.

One evil in Russia, which is a condition for the survival of the others, is secrecy—black, impenetrable secrecy, not only about this or that, but about everything. Other nations publish statistics; the Russians do not, except propaganda statistics about the future. Other nations allow aliens to travel freely in their countries, except in a few military areas; Russians do not. Other governments permit their citizens to travel abroad; the Soviet Government does not, for fear they should draw unfavourable comparisons

between conditions in Russia and conditions elsewhere. In North-East Siberia, in an area as large as France and Germany put together, which is inhabited only by officials and convicts, there is a vast goldfield, believed to be nearly as important as that in South Africa; but no one outside the Soviet Government knows even approximately how much it produces. When the President of the Royal Society wished to inform Vavilov that he had been elected an honorary member of the Royal Society, he could not discover where Vavilov was, or even whether he was alive or dead. What goes on behind the veil? Not, I think, the creation of an Utopia. In Tsarist days there was a famous book, *Who Can be Happy and Free in Russia?* No such book could be published in Stalin's Russia.

I have not spoken of Russia in international relations. This is a theme with which the British public is familiar. Soviet imperialism, Soviet bad faith, Soviet refusal to prevent an atomic armament race—all these things are bad, but they are not so new as the internal evils. In Russia, as in a vast human laboratory, the student can see the result of allowing the power impulse unrestricted scope in a modern monolithic state. It is a terrible spectacle, and it all springs from mistakes in Lenin's thinking. It is this dependence on intellectual error that I have been especially concerned to set forth.

THE PLAYS OF HENRY JAMES

HERBERT READ

THE *Complete Plays of Henry James* is a volume that has been awaited with some impatience by the devotees of the Master, and now that it comes, we see that there is some excuse for the delay. It runs to no less than 846 large pages, and the plays themselves, twelve in number, are printed in double-column. Mr. Leon Edel, who, nineteen years ago, published in Paris a thesis on Henry James, *Les Années Dramatiques*, has been responsible for the editing of the volume, and his enthusiasm has enabled him to overcome formidable difficulties. Only five of the plays had been published previously—four comedies in the two series of *Theatricals* (1894–5), and, in America, the dramatic version of *Daisy Miller*. The rest had to be recovered from attics and muniment rooms—in some cases it was only by a mere chance that a copy had survived. Together they constitute the most spectacular failure that a major literary artist has ever encountered. In his disillusion, late in life, Henry James could hardly have been brought to look at the typescripts again; but Mr. Edel is probably right in assuming that he would not have objected to this eventual

publication. In 1913, answering a critic who had asked for a sight of the plays in order to write an article about them, James said:

> 'While they were being played, they of course came in for whatever attention the Press was paying to the actual and current theatre. They were inevitably then Theatre-stuff, and as such took their chance; but they are now, enjoying complete immunity from performance as they do, Drama-stuff—which is quite a different matter. It is only as Drama-stuff that I recognise their exposure to any public remark that doesn't consist simply of the critic's personal remembrance of them as played things. . . . When my Plays, such as they have been, *are* published, then of course the gentleman you mention will enjoy all aid to his examination.'

There is present, in this statement, a distinction which is at the root of the whole problem of drama, and which makes this volume, as a classical demonstration of the issue, of enormous importance for all who are interested in the craft of writing.

For many years there has existed a certain antagonism between the imaginative writer and the professional stage (it has now extended to the film). The producer and the actor are firmly convinced that there is some sixth sense, a feeling for what is possible in the theatre, a 'stage-sense', which they possess, and which the writer lacks. In the past two hundrd years the overwhelming majority of successful plays have been written by 'playwrights' (an odious word to indicate the singularity of the tribe), and what they wrote, once the stage has finished with it, is as dead as an old newspaper. In certain cases it is obvious that the writers were at fault—they simply refused to conform to the limitations of the stage. The plays of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne are either inordinately long or massively static. But this divorce between the writer and the stage did not always exist, and the plays of Shakespeare and Congreve are still 'good theatre'. So, in the period in question, were the plays of Ibsen and Chekhov. Why, then, was Henry James, with his immense knowledge, not only of the craft of writing, but of the stage itself, such a spectacular failure as a playwright?

Reviewing, in 1895, the second volume of *Theatricals*, the critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* observed: ' . . . we wish very much that Mr. James would write such farces to please himself, and not to please the stage.' And on the same occasion William Archer expressed the opinion that 'Mr. James has never taken up a natural and unconstrained attitude towards the stage. . . . If he will only clear his mind of critical cant . . . and write solely for the ideal audience within his own breast, he will certainly produce works of art, and not improbably successful plays.' These are shrewd hits, but Henry James might have answered that the dramatist, if his aims are realistic, must write for the audience that actually exists in his time, must study the successes and be guided by the failures, and generally conform to the taste of the period. Oddly enough, James had one supreme object in writing plays—to make money. He had been writing novels for a quarter of

a century, and had only met with a modest *succès d'estime*. He had a comfortable private income from property in America that would make most writers envious, but he had also an expansive view of his social rights and obligations. Cash was a prime necessity, and the theatre was the most direct way of earning it. At first he had avoided that way because he realised, from his close observation of the theatre in Paris and London, that the world one enters, in knocking at a manager's door, is one of 'deadly vulgarity and illiteracy'. He describes very vividly, in the fourth chapter of *The Tragic Muse* (the novel in which he exposed all his theatrical aspirations), the limitations that beset the Victorian dramatist (the position has not changed). 'What can you do,' he asks pathetically, 'with a character, with an idea, with a feeling, between dinner and the suburban trains?' In 1889 he confides to his journal that he had 'practically given up my old, valued and long-cherished dream of doing something for the stage, for fame's sake, and art's, and fortune's: overcome by the vulgarity, the brutality, the baseness of the condition of the English-speaking theatre today. But after an interval, a long one, the vision has revived, on a new and a very much humbler basis, and especially under the lash of necessity. Of art and fame *il est maintenant fort peu question*: I simply *must* try, and try seriously, to produce half a dozen—a dozen, five dozen—plays for the sake of my pocket, my material future. Of how little money the novel makes for me I needn't discourse here.' The new and humbler basis was to be a dramatisation of his novel *The American*, with Edward Compton as producer and leading actor. It ran for seventy performances—not by theatrical standards a success, but tantalising enough to encourage both Compton and James to try again. *The Album* and *The Reprobate* followed almost immediately, but these were not produced; and then, in 1895, came the decisive event of James's dramatic career—the production of *Guy Domville*, with George Alexander as manager and leading actor. The disastrous first night of this play, when James was hissed and booed as he came on the stage to take the author's call, has become legendary. It was more than the reaction of a disappointed audience: it was an audience divided against itself, one half applauding the subtlety and grace that had proved to be beyond the coarse sensibilities of the other half. It was the battle of the high-brow and the low-brow in all its raw violence, its inequality of weapons. It was a war for which Henry James had no strategic aptitude. He once more retired from the field.

He was to return, twelve years later, with a final group of plays. Meanwhile the battle for Ibsen had been fought and won on all fronts, with the possible exception of the box-office. James had been an interested, indeed a fascinated, spectator. He might deplore in this Norwegian intruder 'the absence of humour, the absence of free imagination, and the absence of style'—especially the absence of style, all the more mystifying in that 'its place was not usurped, as it frequently is in such cases, by vulgarity.' But humourless, flat and parochial as they might be, James had to recognise that plays like *Hedda Gabler* and *The Wild Duck* had a vitality and a

verisimilitude such as he had never achieved. This might be partly due to 'the artistic exercise of a mind saturated with the vision of human infirmities; saturated, above all, with a sense of the infinitude, for all its mortal savour, of *character*.' But it was also due to something for which James had always had the highest regard—a fine sense of 'the sacred mystery of structure'. It is perhaps too facile to suggest that the influence of Ibsen is present in this last phase of James's dramatic career, but in one play at least, *The Other House*, the comparison is inescapable, and is made by Mr. Edel. 'In *The Other House's* provincial setting, the retrospective method employed in the prologue, the small cast, the use of Dr. Ramage as a family adviser (an Ibsen type recalling Judge Brack or Rector Kroll) and Mrs. Beever as the objective outsider, able to view the struggling characters with judicial calm, James has reproduced all the Ibsen externals.' Mr. Edel goes on to compare the plot of this play with *Rosmersholm*, and the parallels are indeed very close. But for all that, he claims, *The Other House* stands on its own feet as a distinct Jamesian work. But it was surely unnecessary to insist that it is 'British' in its motives and emotions.

It remains to ask what, if anything, was wrong with James's plays. One may express a hope that one day they will be tried out on a more sympathetic stage (actors and actresses of the Irving-Alexander age were, with rare exceptions like Elizabeth Robins, totally unsuited for such plays); one may express such a hope and yet at the same time ruefully admit that all is not well with these plays. Actors and critics complained of the artificiality of the dialogue, but this was no objection in the case of Congreve, or even in the comtemporary case of Wilde. As Bernard Shaw said of *Guy Domville*: 'Line after line comes with such a delicate turn and fall that I unhesitatingly challenge any of our popular dramatists to write a scene in verse with half the beauty of Mr. James's prose . . . I am speaking of the delicate inflexions conveyed by the cadences of the line.' Nor can there be any criticism of the dramatic structure of the plays. Some of them are too long, but all are shapely, and move with perfect tempo to their appointed intervals. The real difficulty, in my opinion, lies elsewhere.

James was a master of the interior drama—of the subjective processes that are rarely, in real life, expressed in overt action. He writes, said George Moore, 'like a man to whom all action is repugnant.' 'Why does he always avoid decisive action? In his stories a woman never leaves the house with her lover, nor does a man ever kill a man or himself. Why is nothing ever accomplished? In real life, murder, adultery, and suicide are of common occurrence; but Mr. James's people live in a calm, sad, and very polite twilight of volition.' This is very true of the novels, but it does not make them any the less great works of art. In this sphere James created a *genre* of which George Moore had no conception, and could have had no aptitude. But when it came to writing plays, James was at a loss, and resorted to some of the crudest melodrama ever intended for the stage. He tried to make up for it by elaborate stage directions—surely the most elaborate stage directions ever written by a dramatist. The concluding

directions of *The Other House* are an extreme example of this, and far too long to quote; but apart from various visible actions, the actors are called on to 'smother revulsions', to 'take in' another character's fidelity to his vow, to choke impulses and to give a word 'but the form of a look'. The stage directions in his last play, *The Outcry*, are even more subtle in their intentions—and impossible of exteriorisation ('On which, as having so unanswerably spoken, he turns off again in his high petulence and nervous, restless irritation; and goes up and away—the thought of something still other, and not yet quite at the surface, seeming to work in him beneath and behind all this . . .'). This was the hand of the novelist annotating the play, increasingly as time went on. But the novelist would never have been responsible for the crude drinking scene in *Guy Domville*; nor for the astonishing figure of Rose Armiger in *The Other House*, who seems rather to have strayed from *East Lynne* or one of the more lurid romances of Hall Caine.

That interior drama can be bodied forth on the stage is at present being proved by the author of *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party*. One must conclude that in this matter James never had the courage of his convictions. He had been dazzled, as a youth, by the Parisian stage, about which he wrote so well and so enthusiastically in the articles now collected in *The Scenic Art*. The theatre of Dumas *fils* and Sardou must have had some point for its contemporaries, but it is now astonishingly dead—so dead that it would be an arduous task to discover to what extent its example was fatal to its fervent disciple. It is, at least, under suspicion.

Was all this dramatic effort of James's in vain? Theatrically, there can be no doubt. Some of James's plays will be revived when the theatre is less vulgar and commercial; they will be given by private societies to small but delighted audiences. But they will never command the stage as Ibsen does, or even Shaw. Their defects are too inherent. But indirectly the experience was of incalculable value to James, for without the dramatic years it is not likely that his narrative art would have reached its wonderful perfection in such works as *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*. That was Henry James's own conclusion. Looking back on the 'whole tragic experience', 'compensations and solutions' seemed to stand there with open arms for him. 'Has a *part*,' he asked himself, 'of all this wasted passion and squandered time . . . been simply the precious lesson, taught me in that roundabout and devious, that cruelly expensive, way, of the singular value for a narrative plan too of the (I don't know *what* adequately to call it) divine principle of the Scenario?' Certainly this was the divine principle which he applied with such success in his last great phase. In retrospect those days of struggle and disillusion in the theatre became a 'strange sacred time', infinitely precious, for they had yielded up the secret of 'the sacred mystery of structure'.

* * *

I had intended, in this article, to make some mention of the *Collected Plays* of Sean O'Casey which have recently been published in two volumes. I

thought that some lesson might be drawn from their success when contrasted with the failure of Henry James's plays. But their worlds do not meet at any point. Mr. O'Casey is good Theatre—in that respect he has the advantage of Henry James. But is he good Drama? Good drama, in my opinion, should also be good reading. I enjoy reading a play like *Guy Domville* or *The Other House* even though I criticise many of its features; and this is because it has a literary texture, a verbal wit and dignity. 'I think a poet's claim to greatness depends upon his power to put passion in the common people,' says one of Mr. O'Casey's characters, and he is probably expressing Mr. O'Casey's own opinion, though another character answers: 'The poet ever strives to save the people; the people ever strive to destroy the poet.' The people certainly tried to destroy Henry James; his poetry was too refined for them. But they will not destroy Sean O'Casey; his rhetoric shakes the diaphragm and draws their tears, but the sound of it diminishes down the corridors of time.

BOOKS REVIEWED:

The Complete Plays of Henry James. Edited by Leon Edel. Rupert Hart-Davis. 35s.

The Scenic Art. Notes on Acting and the Drama, 1872–1901. By Henry James. Edited by Allan Wade. Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.

Collected Plays. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. 2 vols, 12s. 6d. each.

GILBERT PHELPS

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Why not the intricate branches of bright steel
To trap my hope, or this iron lump to soar?
Love's a reverberating furnace, the real
Eternal puddling system, and thought's roar
Is molten, its cooling clinker mound
Hourly encroaches on a dying ground.

But the tongue still curls to syllables that crowd
Unsummoned from the thick-recorded throat,
Out-hum the dynamos, and drive their loud
Insistent beat to whisperings remote:
Lip and thigh earth-pressed still spread
Not cold, but radiant echoes through the head.

3

THE THEATRE OF CHRISTOPHER FRY

THE CRITIC'S VIEW

1. VENUS OBSERVED (St. James's Theatre)

CHRISTOPHER FRY, whose name is on everybody's lips and at least three West End playbills, was practically unknown until 1946. Even now he is too shy to take a call when the audience shouts for him as it did at the end of *Venus Observed*, Sir Laurence Olivier's new fancy at the St. James's Theatre.

The Arts Theatre Club brought him to our notice with *The Lady's Not for Burning*, which subsequently ran through one of the best summers on Shaftesbury Avenue—something of a feat for a play in verse, which the commercial theatre generally scouts and flees like the plague. There was also Television and Radio; the former doing *A Phoenix too Frequent*, which had pleased the critic of *The Times* who, though unimpressed by the story (it is in fact the same tale as Dibden's *Ephesian Matron*, the one about the widow who is easily consoled by the centurion sent to guard her late spouse's tomb), was struck by 'felicity of phrase' and 'nimble poetry'. Above all, it was poetry which could take a modern joke in its stride, not dim yammering and yearning from the Celtic hinterland.

Moreover, there was a Shavian atmosphere in *The Lady's Not for Burning*; character, self-revealing character; a gay kind of impudence, though the facetiae tended to be Anglo-Catholic in the manner of T. S. Eliot, rather than Fabian. The eternal verities went off like squibs. It was all very jolly—except when it came to the central argument, where a notable failure to translate the dilemma into anything but a rather congested bandying of words suggested that Mr. Fry was a dramatist only second, and first and foremost a maker of phrases.

No time could be more propitious for a fancy phrase-maker: actors and audiences had long been getting very tired of realistic chit-chat or down-to-earth political fulmination. It was a long time since Stephen Phillips had rolled us a big line and London had had to look to O'Casey and Dublin for its dramatic afflatus.

So hopes ran high at the St. James's. Yet *Venus Observed* turned out to be a distinguished failure: a failure on a high level, simply because Mr. Fry failed to tell his story well enough, in dramatic terms. Not that a story need matter. In Mr. Bridie's *Daphne Laureola* and (the revival of) Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, to mention only two recent successes, the story is nothing, the words and character everything. But *Venus Observed* is altogether too haphazard and not even Sir Laurence's brilliantly tactful production could disguise the fact that interest ebbs away from this tale of a modern fantasy

Duke, who studies the stars, decides to marry again, invites former mistresses to his house (that his son may choose a new mother) and is then swept off his feet by the pretty daughter of his rascally old agent, thus finding himself in rivalry with his son for the young lady's hand. By way of a climax, after much rather vague talk about love, curiously reminiscent of one of Mr. Charles Morgan's novels—for the Duke is an amorist reluctantly going into decline—there is a fire started by one of the ex-mistresses. This shows the elderly lover and his new flame what is what, and as a finale we learn that the Duke will marry the fire-raiser while, it is implied, his son goes off with the pretty nymph.

This mild little autumnal fantasy, a study in polite renunciation, is ill told. Two instances leap to mind; one is the arrival of the young charmer (played very prettily by Heather Stannard). For some reason she shoots an apple out of the Duke's hand, as it might be Annie Oakley introducing herself. Though afterwards explained, the event is quite meaningless as a dramatic stroke. Another is in the comic servants who completely fail to 'register', though during the fire one of them announces that 'he is a man again.' (But we never heard anything to the contrary; it wasn't even suggested.) And the part of the jealous mistress simply dies on the actress's hands; she does not even re-emerge at the end!

But the piece is a mass of delightful verbiage, simile conceit and imaginative allusion. It is lightly witty and colloquial, as when we hear:

'Your uncle who put on immortality in Tasmania . . .' or of Bates the footman, a reformed burglar:

'He was caught red-handed with the silver and His Grace
Being short of staff, asked him to stay—and clean it.'

A strong skein of fantasy is wound about the flimsy structure: for instance, nothing could be more charming than the arrival of the loved one during an eclipse of the sun—real stage magic! The talk falls delightfully on the ear, and is beautifully spoken, but it is finally dull theatre.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

2. THE BOY WITH A CART (Lyric, Hammersmith)

In a way *The Boy with a Cart* is the most important of Christopher Fry's plays for the critic to see. It fails in every way, but it proclaims loudly enough to be heard by the deafest auditor that Fry is a developing dramatist. If he can move as far in the next decade as he has since writing this ill-disciplined fragment, then he is surely a coming man—and coming faster than some of his competitors. The Boy of the title is Cuthman, a shepherd given to moments of vision and magic, who, on the death of his father, trundles his aged mother in a tumbledown cart from Cornwall to Sussex where, having received a sign from Heaven (which any engineer could have told him was a simple matter of wear and tear), he decides to build a church. The verse

is bedevilled by its following too closely the inter-war vogue of moaning about God, by choral interludes contrived for no other reason than a determination to have verse spoken in unison, and by the serious misapprehension that if Eliot could do it, so could Fry. There is nothing against a religious theme in a play. Religion—especially its ritual and its magic—gave a purpose to the earliest dramas, pagan and Christian. Drama has often served the purposes of religion. But Mr. Fry seems unable to combine the two without making one of them seem silly, when in fact neither is. One of the most striking incidents in *The Boy with a Cart*—at least, it is intended to be—is when Cuthman describes a miracle that has just happened in the church he is building. A stranger has come in and by some extra-muscular power has raised a heavy beam to the roof. Cuthman asks for an explanation. 'I was a carpenter,' the stranger says. Everybody kneels and looks acutely embarrassed; a silence ensues which, for my own part, I expected to hear broken at any moment by the titters of youngsters playing tig around a tentpole, for the incident was carried off with the faltering, halting straining after reverence one might expect from a production of a Little Play of St. Francis in the rectory garden by a young curate just back from retreat at some high Church brotherhood (in aid of the church building fund, of course). If such an incident eludes the calculated and experienced touch of Mr. Gielgud, who directed the play, the reason can, surely, only be that it is a weakness in the play itself. However, as I said in my first sentence, nobody trying to understand Fry should miss this production for it proves beyond any argument that Christopher Fry is learning fast. Perhaps he will soon graduate to the more difficult task of writing a play which is not based on bubbling words alone, but which has some real ideas (instead of fancies), and which is preferably written in prose.

GERARD FAY

3. RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe Theatre)

(By Jean Anouilh, translated by Christopher Fry)

As originally conceived, Anouilh's *L'Invitation au Château* was in the pure tradition of Goldoni. The characters are drawn straight from the modern *commedia dell'arte*: the verbose butler—a modern Truffaldino; the rich banker, direct descendant of Pantalone, the Venetian merchant; the little ballet-dancer Isabelle, indistinguishable from Colombina. As often in the *commedia dell'arte*, too, the plot concerns the tangled affections of two pairs of lovers, complicated by the fact that the men are twins. But just as Goldoni did, Anouilh adapts the pattern to depict a contemporary group and to demonstrate their motivation.

Anouilh, though casting his play at a fantastic and almost dream-like level, nevertheless intends us to discover something about the effects of wealth. Both the twins, their aunt, and the girl they love, are enormously

wealthy; there is also an even wealthier financier. The girl introduced to turn this triangle into a square is poor. The dramatist's purpose is disclosed in a short scene at the beginning of Act V (Act III, Sc. 2, in the English version), in which the aunt and the more diabolical twin discuss their obligations to the poor as insurance against a post-mortem justice in which they do not believe—'as one takes tickets in a long-shot lottery simply not to offend the organisers.'

Peter Brook, however, has chosen to present the play as a contemporary masque. He has cut the vital scene. He has turned fantasy into fantastication. He has hired Oliver Messel to design a cast-iron winter-garden as graceful as the Palm House at Kew. He has hired William Chappell to create a richly comic parody of the tango and used it to make ludicrous a discussion which might have been merely lubricious. Richard Addinsell has composed for him special music (perhaps less in key than that which Poulenc wrote for the Paris production). One can imagine with what anticipatory giggles Brook and Messel thought up such adornments as the supper-table crowned with a veritable pyramid of crustaceans and the ridiculous garden chair.

The result is enchanting. If it seems exaggerated, one has only to turn the pages of the *Tatler* for 1910 or to look in this month's *Vogue* at the wing-silhouettes and the fashionable 'doe-eyed look' which have made it possible for Brook to present the play in a genre which is both period and contemporary at the same moment. The plot no longer matters. It is the mood—half nostalgia, half champagne bubbles—which is everything.

In all this, no word of Fry. It was shrewd enough of Tennents to invite him to make the translation and to present it coincidentally with his own plays, but in view of Brook's production, artistically irrelevant. Fry has done a sensitive, exact transliteration, occasionally pointing up a joke, occasionally indulging his fondness for casual rhymes, as when '*Tant d'argent . . . il mange des nouilles*' becomes 'He has oodles . . . and he lives on noodles.' But of Fry as a playwright we learn nothing, except that he is a modest one.

For the English taste a few deletions have been thought proper. Isabelle no longer reveals herself naked beneath her frock; two references to Jews are omitted, so sensitive have we become to racialism; and nothing is said of the attempt to bribe the Archbishop of Canterbury. But these are the casualties of morals, not of art.

Least satisfactory is the acting, which, though always accomplished, is not always in the same genre. Mona Washbourne as a pretentious mother, and David Horne as a benign butler, have the requisite air of caricature, as has Richard Wattis as a vapid secretary. But Margaret Rutherford and Cecil Trouncer are in different traditions. The actors who play the twins are remarkably similar in appearance but of unequal powers. One plays the bolder brother like a devil in pantomime; the other plays the shyer twin as if he were the young Olivier. Curiously enough, both are called Paul Scofield.

3 GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

A PRODUCER COMPARES

PETER BROOK

'L'INVITATION AU CHÂTEAU' had many titles in English before we settled on *Ring Round the Moon*. At one point we thought of calling it *Dance of the Heart*—a line from the play. Then we changed our minds. It seemed, perhaps, too sentimental, too much like a best-selling novel on a station-stand. But we were sad to lose the word 'dance'. The play is a dance.

Dancing is very much part of the theatre. Two thousand years ago the origins of tragedy were formal steps in an open-air rite: today people leave their work to queue all night in the wet streets to get a ticket for *Swan Lake*. The real theatre has always danced, whether in Shakespeare, or Molière, or Goldoni, and for Anouilh, plays themselves can be dances. His first play, *Le Bal des Voleurs*, was sub-titled *comédie-ballet*—it was the waltz of thieves in a watering place: a party of pickpockets round a band-stand changing beards as they accost nursemaids and millionaires.

Anouilh loves the dance, and sees its sadness. As Auden once said, 'Dancers do not listen, but they will.' Anouilh, like Watteau, sees the overhanging melancholy of a golden world about to break, of an 'Embarquement pour Cythère' that will never be completed. He watches the couples under the cupolas, the intrigues in the winter garden, the twinkling lights on the pier and mourns all that is elegant and wicked in a passing civilisation. Anouilh will never write 'modern' plays. He has a horror of realism, of modern themes, of the age, of the city. At the same time he is the poet of that side of our century that is the past in decay. He lives in Neuilly, in that beautiful backwater of Paris, and his Europe is not the Europe of Iron Curtains and creeping blockades. It is the Europe of rusting wrought iron, dilapidation, the nursemaids and little girls in white dresses in botanical gardens, old trams with peeling paint.

Anouilh is a writer with a few themes and a handful of characters. He has classified his plays as *Pièces Roses* and *Pièces Noires*. London has now seen three of these—*Antigone*, *Fading Mansions*, and *Ring Round the Moon*. They all show Anouilh obsessed with the conflict between the wickedness of society and the simplicity of the poor. In all his plays there is the simple person with the simple emotion, caught up in a sophisticated world. Sometimes the sophistication is enchanting—as in Anouilh's gallery of wit and eccentric Duchesses in *Léocadia*, in *Voyageur sans Bagages*, and in *L'Invitation au Château*; sometimes the effect of social pretensions is appalling—the terrible *petit bourgeois* father in *La Sauvage*, *Eurydice* and the equivalent mother in *Fading Mansions* and *L'Invitation au Château*. And the simple are not always simple, nor the poor happy—in *La Sauvage* and *Eurydice* the

Cinderella is already tortured, the unspoiled ruined. Anouilh's theatre is one of nostalgia, and of society. Above all, it is the theatre of theatre. He writes for actors. His literature and his poetry are all expressed through them. He once wrote a ballet—*Les Demoiselles de la Nuit*—which had the mood and quality of one of *Les Nuits* of Musset. This Anouilh expressed without a word: he expressed it through the theatre, through movement, dancing, mime.

All his plays are the opposite to the tradition of Ibsen, Pinero and Scribe. Critics may say his plays are not 'well made', but that is only on the assumption that Ibsen's technique was the only true one, that a play must have an orderly exposition, a correct literary form with development, dénouement and moral. Yet outside the literary theatre there is another great tradition—the masques, the clowns, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. Literary-minded critics who expect a serious play always to resemble a Galsworthy novel are puzzled by *Ring Round the Moon* and ask, 'What does it amount to?' How can you answer them? A mood. An entertainment, a charade.

Anouilh's theatre is a dance of actors. Fry's theatre is a dance of words. In his plays, people may come and go, but if they tango it is only with their tongues. In his early play, *The Boy with the Cart*, there is hardly any dramatic action. The boy enters and leaves with his cart, but it is the villagers who comment and tell the story. The most amazing piece of action in the evening—a flight of fantasy in which an old woman is carried four miles in the wind—takes place off stage. It is an image balanced on a juggle of words. In *The Lady's Not For Burning*, the words themselves are as elegant and wicked as Anouilh's actors: in fact, here we can see the difference and similarity between the two authors: one actor playing twins is to Anouilh what a twin-meaning pun is to Fry.

Like his French colleague, Fry hates the town. He is not interested in salesman and streetcars. Although *Venus Observed* is in modern clothes, it is hardly a contemporary play. Fry, too, searches for more poetic backgrounds than the drawing-rooms, and what Anouilh found in his provincial railway station, Fry finds in his observatory. What Anouilh finds in the winter garden, Fry finds in his temple by the lake. Fry, too, sees the sadness of elegance in decay. *Venus Observed* also is a play of mood. Those who fail to see this and ask for more 'action', 'plot', 'meaning', are the Pinero-minded people again.

Where the Frenchman finds poetry in Neuilly, Fry finds his in the England that still has echoes of the Middle Ages in its villages, the England of Canterbury, Ely and Oxford. The melancholy of *Venus Observed* is that of the Elgar 'Cello Concerto and *Brideshead Revisited*—less rust than Anouilh, but more decay. Fry's is the civilised mind foreseeing old walls without creepers, colleges without port—and staving off this doom with a dance of words.

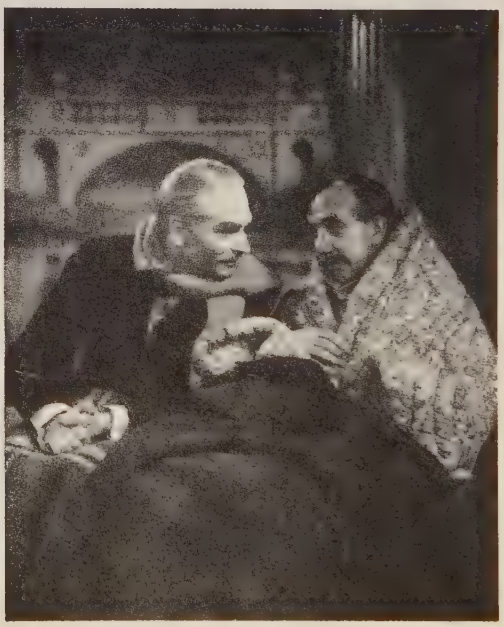
In translating *Ring Round the Moon*, Fry did not attempt to do more than make those changes and cuts that are inevitable in adapting any play into

VENUS OBSERVED *An impetuous Paris, the Duke's son presses the apple of judgment on Rosabel*

Scenes from the plays of CHRISTOPHER FRY and JEAN ANOUILH

VENUS OBSERVED *But Paris, in rivalry now with the jovial Duke his father, observes his true Venus*

And the Duke, down from Olympus, recognises in Rosabel the imperfect Aphrodite who will be his wife



Reedbeck, the Duke's erring agent, is forgiven; and his Grace of Altair gives himself up to the world as it is

THE BOY WITH A CART *A figure of scorn to the reapers is Cuthman, carting his mother from Cornwall to Sussex*

In the airy winter-garden the millionaire Messerschmann meets the cruel wit of the chairborne Madame Desmortes (above)

After an orgy of destruction the melancholy millionaire finds peace in the soft lap of Isabelle, a delectable Cinderella (below)

RING ROUND THE MOON

a different language. Otherwise he has done everything to be faithful to the original play. Anouilh's style is very French—direct, logical, precise. He never plays with words. But as Scott Moncrieff did with Proust, Fry almost unconsciously has added a quality of language that is his own. In *Ring Round the Moon* the line is Anouilh but the sparkle is Fry's.

Fry and Anouilh have never met. They know little of one another's work. But each, in his own country and by his own means, is working to a similar purpose—one in a winter garden with a charade of people; one in a temple of ancient virtues with a charade of sentences: each is snatching at the gay or haunting relics of what has been civilised in the world; each is accused of lack of theme; while, in fact, each is trying to free the theatre from realism and from the novel, and make it a last outpost of poetry and wit.

SYMBOLISM IN 'THE THIRD MAN'

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

AN analysis of the mythological background of *The Third Man* should begin with two small points, sufficiently curious to be remarked. First, the title: it contains a biblical echo, if it is not, indeed, a biblical allusion, to the journey to Emmaus. Second, the names of the protagonists, Harry Lime and Holly Martin: both of these names refer to trees, and there is some play on names made in the film.

The film closes with Holly killing Lime (for our purpose we shall refer to the characters by their Christian name and surname respectively). The time is autumn and Lime's death is immediately presaged by a shot of a desolate street in which a few dead leaves are blown by the wind. It is poetically appropriate that a man should die at such a time (an excellent instance of the dramatic effectiveness of the pathetic fallacy), and autumn images are stressed throughout the film. This juxtaposition of man and season says, in effect, that Lime dies at the time when the trees die: or, he dies like a tree. His executioner is Holly, whose name is that of an evergreen, a winter tree that survives the autumn. All this is ironically appropriate, but the narrative, of which this is the climax, permits more precise interpretation.

Early in the film a funeral occurs, supposedly that of Lime: in fact, he is not dead; and the film closes with his actual funeral, an irony rich in associations of the resurrected god. Also it imposes on the film a cyclic form (corroborated by the image of the giant wheel, which makes its first appearance in the film's introductory sequence), a construction that suggests a particular type of myth, that dealing with vegetation gods. Lime is

several times credited with exceptional powers over people and animals: he inspires rare loyalty in people (and counts on doing so) and a cat likes only him. Holly says of him: 'At fourteen he taught me the three-card trick. That's growing up fast.' Anna Schmidt answers: 'Harry never grew up. The world grew up around him.' This casual phrase can mean either that he remained childish in some directions or that he is not created like the world; that he was immune from the ordinary process of time. Lime's first appearance is entirely in keeping with the symbolism of vegetation myths: the camera moves away from Anna and Holly, engaged in the conversation of which a fragment is quoted above, dives at the open window, through the flowers in the window-box, and focuses on the dark street far below which is crossed by a figure scaled down by distance. It is Lime, seen through flowers. Flowers are associated with Lime at the first funeral sequence, on which occasion Dr. Winkler absent-mindedly makes to leave the grave-side without laying down his wreath. He knows Lime is not in the coffin and, unconsciously, is reluctant to give the 'garland' to another. Flowers are associated with Lime in life—as well as in death.

Lime organised a racket in Vienna consisting of stealing penicillin from the scanty supplies available to the military hospitals and selling it, diluted to make it go further, at a great price. A respectful camera visits a ward full of his 'victims', children with meningitis, and lingers on a discarded teddy-bear. Lime, hiding from the authorities, moves by the sewers. On one level this is an opportunity for dark, shiny vistas familiar from numerous films (including Reed's previous two pieces), and it is also melodramatically fit, if you judge Lime's character in such terms, that so vicious a character should die there. But the symbol is fuller than that. We have seen that Lime is given a more than ordinarily human quality of attraction and power but, if he is a god, his are not 'good', beneficent attributes. He does not cure the sick: indirectly, he maims or kills them. Vienna, the ruined and divided city (with its zones occupied by four powers), needs the substance he provides but it is useless when applied. Lime dies in the symbol of his corrupt power.

Though evil and ruthless, however, Lime is a better man than Holly with his sentimentality and vague ethic. Holly betrays Lime, but he cannot replace Lime's image for Anna Schmidt, nor is it implied that he has done anything for the betterment of Vienna. The satisfaction of Calloway, the intelligence officer, is Holly's reward. The last scene of the film is an image of separation (where there has never been real contact) and despair. T. S. Eliot, in *The Waste Land*, represents an analogous situation: the saviour in the poem fails to replace the old sterile king, fails to save the woman or fertilise the waste land (which are the same thing). This is the basic theme of the poem and occurs in several disguises: it underlies, too, *The Third Man*, giving a bitter adventure story a European as well as a personal significance.

Important among the sources of *The Waste Land* is Sir James Fraser's *The Golden Bough*. Outdated in some respects as this work is, it is

nevertheless a useful statement of that section of mythology with which we are concerned here. The identification of Lime and Holly with trees, and the death of one of them leads us to consider the possibility of a link with practices of tree-worship and ritual death. In volume four of *The Golden Bough*, 'The Dying God', Fraser, discussing the cult of tree-worship, in the Grove at Nemi and elsewhere, informs us that the priest of the grove was looked upon as an incarnation of the spirit of vegetation. The priest's life was very precious to his worshippers and was probably hedged in by a system of elaborate precautions or taboos (an exact description of Lime's position in Vienna and the measures taken by himself and his associates to elude the police). 'So long as he could maintain his position by the strong hand, it might be inferred that his natural force was not abated; whereas his defeat and death at the hands of another proved that his strength was beginning to fail.'

If Holly's killing of Lime is considered in this context, we discover a supplementary meaning to the death in autumn. The priest who takes on the mantle at the wrong time inherits only the dying seasonal spirit. Holly is no Jack-in-the-Green or King-of-the-May, to mention two variants of this widely-repeated pattern. Anna Schmidt, Baron Kurtz, Calloway, repeatedly warn Holly to go home: he has come at the wrong time. Greene has twisted the myth of the vegetation god, as Eliot did, to give to it the accents of despair, not renewal, but he has done it within the popular framework of a thriller.

In *The Waste Land* great importance is attached to water which is to come to the waste land, healing people and the landscape. This theme, too, has its part in the film, in the association of Lime and sewer-water. When he comes to keep his tryst with Holly, a long shot shows him rising effortlessly out of the ground—an entrance in keeping with his departure from an earlier sequence in which, chased by Holly, he apparently disappears—'with a puff of smoke', as a character puts it. In fact, he has entered the sewers by means of a kiosk in the centre of the square—a vertical structure rather like a gothic tabernacle. This architectural detail is one of many small points that can be adduced in support of my contention of the film's symbolism.

It should, perhaps be remarked that this symbolism corroborates the melancholy, or, more properly, pessimism, of the film, with its pattern of clashing character and cross-purposes. The last image reminds one of the final shot in *Les Jeux Sont Faits*—of lovers diverging after a short and mishandled meeting. In *The Third Man* the ebullient, foolish, drunken American, with his good-nature and essential stupidity (*vide* the lecture sequence), is hopelessly divergent from Anna Schmidt, the Central European with her reserves of character and slower introverted responses, of loyalty untouched by ethics. The English Calloway antagonises, and is antagonised by, the American: his manner is terse, harsh and insolent. Three races are set against one another, coming together only spasmodically, reluctantly if at all and, then, not with any essential community of aim or feeling.

We have so far considered Lime as a vegetation god or tree-spirit, and Holly as his ritual successor, but we must not disregard the implications of the title. The third man, in the incident of the walk to Emmaus, is, of course, Jesus Christ himself, newly resurrected. The third man in the film is Harry Lime who is also supposed dead: his grave is opened and, though a body is found there, it is not his. Thus a version of the resurrection, rationalised in the thriller idiom but still rich in associative value, is introduced. Lime is, from the Christian point-of-view, anti-Christ or, at least, an inverted Christ figure. He does not welcome the children but destroys them, and the sick, too. This endorses and amplifies the corruption of the spirit of vegetation. The sequence on the wheel in the fair-ground is a reference to the temptation of Christ (Luke, IV): 'And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, showed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time . . . And the devil said unto him: "All this power I will give thee, and the glory of them" . . .' The devil then takes Christ to 'a pinnacle of the temple' and suggests that if he throw himself down, his divinity would surely protect him. Thus the scene in the cabin of the wheel is an amalgam of these two phases in the temptation of Christ. Lime offers Holly power and wealth and, at one point, is near killing Holly and *throwing* his body out of the cabin at the apex of the wheel. Lime here reveals his diabolical ethic in terms which are dangerously attractive. 'If you could have £20,000 for every dot that stopped moving, would you really, old man, refuse, or would you start counting how many dots you could spend—free of income tax?' The camera supplies a vertical shot of the ground with tiny figures moving. Holly here occupies a Christian position and is forced, rather puzzled, to side with peaceful democratic Switzerland's cuckoo clock rather than with the Borgia's Italy.

Finally Lime reappears as a Christ-figure, betrayed by Holly, the good Judas. Lime has no real reason to trust Holly (despite their long friendship), and yet, when Holly agrees to meet him, he comes, by the back way certainly, but taking no other precautions. This act may be interpreted in three ways. It can be taken as the masochistic behaviour of the neurotic Lime is shown to be: he suffers from recurrent indigestion, a nervous complaint which he believes can be relieved by a tablet unobtainable in Europe, and which Holly has not brought from America. Holly cannot relieve Lime's malady any more than he can share his ethic which, as Greene underlies, is the same as that which motivates governments also. Lime is a close image of a disintegrating society. Second, it may be a typical piece of Roman Catholic juggling with its suggestion that the villain (who believes in God) betrayed by his friend is Christ-like, whereas the good Judas is damned. Third, and most important, the presence of the cyclic myth makes this act, or one like it, a necessity, so perhaps the primary motive is the dual recognition by both men of their rôles as 'Priests of the Grove'. The fact that these three themes can be present without confusion or contradiction is a tribute to the significant ambiguity of a film with meanings on three levels, all of them complementary.

GASTRONOMICAL NOTES

By HENRY KAHN

WITH the end of coffee rationing in France, a third European country has freed itself of coupon snipping and restriction on the purchase of any kind of food. The other two countries are Belgium and Switzerland. This is good news, for it means that the kitchen in these countries will once again come into its own, and those who delight in the culinary arts and the glories of the table will again be able to indulge in the full knowledge that there is no mock cream in the *Velouté de Tomate*, and that the *Tournedos Rossini* has been cooked in real butter.

Many a Briton may curl his lip on reading these words and accuse me of a peculiarly refined form of sadism. I suppose I must stand accused, but I see no reason why, even in these austere times, we should not examine the gastronomic art at its best. Indeed, we may benefit by it, for food consciousness in Britain disappeared with the rise of Marie Antoine Carème. His *Art of Cookery in the 19th Century* helped to destroy traditional English cooking and replaced it by the lighter, and certainly more skilful, French art. The tragedy is not that *Harengs Grillés à la Moutarde* replaced Herring Pie, but that it helped to kill the Englishman's interest in food.

Today we suffer from rationing, and so our interest is a little salted, and for obvious reasons. We complain of the lack of variety, yet I seem to remember those good old days before the war when the week's changes were rung with monotonous regularity: roast beef on Sunday, cold beef and pickles on Monday, shepherd's pie on Tuesday, fried steak, tomatoes and mushrooms on Wednesday, Irish stew on Thursday, fried plaice on Friday and stewed steak on Saturday. Now and again a chicken might be roasted in the oven by way of an adventure. Today we are more food conscious, and that is a good thing.

Personally I have never agreed with those who sweepingly brand English cooking bad, for I have had bad cooking in France, Italy, Scandinavia, Greece and most other countries. Never, however, have I met the same indifference to food as I met in Britain before the war. No wonder the British housewife's dream was to find a quick, easy dish with no fuss. And no wonder newspaper recipes were generally headed: 'A quick and easy way of making mock chicken ragout.' Well, I hope we shall soon finish with our mock this and mock that, and Britons will, when the nightmare of rationing passes, realise that the culinary art and the enjoyment of good food in good company is as great a pleasure as walking round an art exhibition or listening to a new string quartet.

But like all the arts, enjoyment is enhanced when knowledge is widened. Who basks in the greater contentment: the man who muses over his wine card and decides to order a Roussillon with his *Foie Bercy*, or the man who turns over the pages of the leather-bound catalogue wondering what it is all about, and then, in sheer desperation, picks on a Muscat to accompany his *Boeuf en Daube* and blames the strange result on 'this fancy Continental cooking'?

First, then, a greater interest in cooking is indicated. Suppose we start with a dish dear, but alas not near, to the heart—or should I have written the palate?—of us all: a juicy rib of beef. English beef is wonderful, but how many know why? Why does the Frenchman repeat ecstatically: 'Your beef is the finest in Europe'? Is it because the cooks have some secret preparation? Of course not. First we must thank our farmers for leaving their cattle to graze in the fields all the year round. The animal feeds off sweet, green grass, and the flesh it develops becomes succulent and full. On the Continent the animals stay in their sheds in winter and are fed with hay, so that their flesh lacks the quality one finds in British beef, and tends to be stringy in the cheaper cuts. Here, then, is one reason.

Now, what happens to our rib when we place it in the oven? That depends on whether we know how to roast beef. We know what we want. Our aim and objective is as clear as day. The meat should be crisp on the outside so that it crackles between the teeth, and greyish-pink under the surface, growing pinker as we cut into

the centre. No indifference to food or cooking will ever achieve that. Only fascination by food and patience will roast a piece of beef as it should be roasted.

The oven must be hot so that the surface caramelises into that hard, crisp crackling which few can resist. But if we leave the roast to itself while we read the next instalment of some treacly tale published weekly in *The Housewife's Friend*, the golden brown surface of the meat will turn to jet black and its savour will be replaced by an acrid odour of burning flesh, a veritable Dachau in the kitchen, a diabolic destruction of one of the most appreciated gifts God has bestowed upon man: a baron of roasted beef.

No, I am afraid we must stay in the kitchen, keep an eye on the oven and, to achieve the desired end, baste our meat with its melted grease, keeping the surface well oiled to avoid burning while the interior cooks. It will also be necessary to lower the heat of the oven in order to control the speed at which the inner portion of the beef cooks and to obtain that pink, underdone centre, which every connoisseur relishes as a contrast to the exterior crispness.

Here, then, is our roast beef and, having learned something of its process, we enjoy it all the more. I write this without qualification, for I have noticed that people who take little interest in food always like their meat over-cooked. They like their steaks dried up so that they look like compressed straw and taste little better.

'Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are. The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which they eat,' wrote Brillat-Savarin. The author of the *Physiologie du Gout* exaggerated a little when he wrote that; nevertheless his words were wise. 'Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.' That, at least, is true. I am always horrified when I hear someone say, 'I want my steak very well done.' I may never have seen the man before but I wager he knows little of the warmth of the art of the table and little or nothing of the colour of life.

The grill is the oldest form of food preparation and one can imagine the delight of primitive man who, having discovered fire and placed the flesh of an animal near the flames, savoured an odour which at first he could not define, but to which he must eagerly have opened his nostrils. 'That smells good' is a common expression indeed, but it is filled with meaning and one notices is reserved entirely for food. It is never used in reference to perfumes or flowers. Their odours are sweet, light, flimsy, bodiless. No, it is reserved for the odours drifting out of the kitchen into the hall to delight the nostrils of the guests as they step across the threshold.

Edouard de Pomiane, one of France's greatest authorities, was right when he wrote: 'The savour of a grilled cutlet is indescribable.' Ask any gourmet how he likes his *Chateaubriand*, his *Tournedos*, his steak. Never will he reply, 'Well done'. A grillade must be slightly puffed, its surface crusty so that the fork only penetrates when a little force is applied, and as the prongs enter the flesh, so the blood red juices ooze out to mingle with the pat of dairy butter placed on top.

To obtain the crusty exterior resulting from the coagulation of the albumen and the caramelisation of the sugar, the grill must be hot, very hot. As the colour changes from red to golden brown, so the cutlet should be turned over. How long does it take? A few minutes only. Inside the meat is fresh, soft and warm, outside hot and crisp.

Now I believe eating may be divided into two classifications: the artistic and the beastly. The artistic puts quality before quantity, the beastly reverses the order. No plate disgusts me more than one piled up like a pyramid: layers of meat, roast potatoes, Yorkshire pudding and, to top the unctuous mass, some boiled cabbage. I like potatoes, I like Yorkshire and I like cabbage, but I believe that, in a symphony of taste, each harmonic interval must fall into its right place in order to be appreciated, and each contrapuntal design given its correct value.

I suppose the beastly eater cares little as he ploughs his way, furrow after furrow, if the viandes chill, the grease hardens and the vegetables become gravy-logged and bitter. The artist does, however, and for this reason prefers to savour the foods so

that the value of each is given rightful attention and is allowed to yield its maximum of enjoyment. The steak should never be accompanied by more than one vegetable, preferably a spoonful of *pommes pailles*, as thin as match sticks and as crisp as young twigs. Of course, *pommes pailles* take time to prepare, for they must be cut as thin as thin, and even the special apparatus produced to lighten the task makes its demands. But the result is worth it.

As for roast beef, personally a thin slice of Yorkshire pudding into which the juices from the meat have dripped is enough, or at most one roast potato, brown, but not so hard that, as the knife is pressed to cut it, it jumps across the table into the lap of one's guest or partner. Green vegetables have a savour of their own and must be prepared in their own way. They may also be eaten alone as a separate dish.

I am afraid I have used more than a little ink in my efforts to describe but two simple dishes. Neither of them demands the skill of a culinary sorcerer nor the knowledge of an Escoffier, but both need patience and love: yes, the love of fine food, art, life, and philosophy, for thoughts are often best expressed over the dinner table.

I doubt whether the great Marcel Proust was right when he ate his meal before his guests arrived in order that the food should not interfere with his conversation. Alas! I never had the pleasure of dining with Marcel Proust, but I have always found that the man who allows his food to grow cold because he talks too much pays more attention to the sound of his voice than the wisdom of his words. The table should loosen the tongue sufficiently to salt the dishes. And the dishes should bring such comfort that along with the *bon plat* goes the *bon mot*.

In the early days of Champagne, that is, after Dom Perignon borrowed the cork belt of a Spanish monk to invent the Champagne method, special glasses without feet were made in order to keep the good people of Epernay from talking too much and drinking too little. As the glass could not be put down without upsetting, and as mine host always saw that it was full, the glass was constantly seeking the lips, and for very good reason.

Vintners are kinder to us these days. Nevertheless, neither of the dishes described above would be complete without a glass or two, or even three, of rich, red wine, for red meat demands it.

At least today the wine is obtainable at home, and if the scanty ration is prepared as I suggest, then even in Britain, 1950, a single dish may be turned into a regale, the memory of which will keep one sweet until next week's ration rings again.

Roast beef, to my mind, calls for Burgundy, and my particular taste is for a Richebourg, a deep and passionate purple *Nuits*, which has been described as 'inspiring a mood of philosophical content that defies the blows of fate and diverts attention from the little miseries of life to a wise contemplation.'

And with the steak I suppose I should choose another Burgundy, but I might be tempted to sip a St. Emilion, the wine so often called the 'Burgundy of Bordeaux' because of its frankness and character, but not the Graves de St. Emilion or the Pomerol.

I trust the reader will forgive this essay into the sublime at a time when talk of food may sound ridiculous. But the fleshy art has many devotees, for did not Solomon sing: 'I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.'

* * *

The occupation Champagne has no drawback, but the corks have, particularly the 1943 vintage, when raw materials were at an extra low. The corks were made of some composition which included very little cork. Heaven knows how they were inserted into the narrow necks of the bottles but, once in, they are almost impossible to remove. Recently I had to use a corkscrew on five out of six bottles, and the energy needed to remove the cork consumed enough calories to warrant the quaffing of most of the wine on my own.

AIR TRAVEL NOTES

INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT

A. V. CLEAVER
Chairman of Council, British Interplanetary Society

THE science of aeronautics is merging imperceptibly into that of astronautics—the name given to the study of flight beyond the atmosphere and travel to the moon and other planets. This latter possibility has now entered the realm of sober scientific speculation. This is not to say that it will be realised within the next few years but, if present trends are maintained, interplanetary flight should be a reality by the end of the present century.

The factor responsible for this claim, supported by most scientists who have given serious thought to the matter, is the enormous strides made recently in rocket propulsion. Although an ancient device—first developed by the Chinese as a toy and as a primitive weapon many hundreds of years ago—the rocket has received scientific study only in the last quarter of a century or so, though it was used for bombardment during the Napoleonic Wars.

The biggest technical advances were made by Germany in World War II. They brought the liquid-fuel rocket to a high stage of perfection and applied it to a variety of missiles, both offensive and defensive, and for the propulsion of very-high-performance fighters. By 1945, they had serious plans for trans-Atlantic rocket projectiles and for rocket aircraft to attain long ranges by the use of radical flight techniques—shooting beyond the atmosphere in free trajectories and then dropping back into it to glide to their destinations.

Since the war, the U.S.A. have more or less carried on where the Germans left off. They have, for example, produced the Bell X–1 rocket aircraft, which is claimed to have flown at nearly 2,000 m.p.h. at very great heights, and the Viking rocket, capable of ascending to over 200 miles to gather scientific data. The intention has been officially announced of attempting to establish a small instrument-carrying rocket in a permanent orbit around the Earth, to circle it as an artificial satellite. Beyond the atmosphere, it would be unaffected by air resistance and would be balanced by the centrifugal force from its circular velocity. A small American rocket has already climbed to a height of 250 miles.

Such developments will increase in number and importance during the next few decades, and from them will gradually emerge the spaceship long envisaged. Carrying its own source of oxygen in which to burn its fuel—and so release its energy—the rocket is independent of surrounding air and is most efficient when working in a vacuum. It can also produce enormous power from a very small size and weight of apparatus. For both these reasons, it is theoretically capable of accelerating rapidly up to the very high velocity, about 25,000 m.p.h., required for it to become free from the Earth's gravitational pull.

Such accelerations would, of course, not be so rapid that discomfort was caused to the crew, nor cause overheating by friction while traversing the atmosphere. Once travelling at the escape velocity, the rocket motors would be shut down and the spaceship would coast to its destination, gradually losing speed, except during any course corrections which would be made with the help of rocket-steering jets. These would also be used to turn the ship around near its destination, so that the main jet could be used in reverse to provide a slow landing. Sufficient fuel would, of course, be carried to permit another take-off and the return voyage.

Theoretical studies indicate that even the most powerful chemical fuels would not permit the attainment of all these objects with a reasonably economical size of rocket, but there is reason to believe that eventually the energy problem will be solved by using an atomic pile to heat up the gaseous material for the rocket jet.

Perhaps in fifty years all these very difficult technical problems will have been solved; then a whole new era of knowledge and experience will begin.

To those who are sceptical, one can point to the advance in aviation during the first half of this century.

NEW TRANSPORT STANDARDS

G. R. McGREGOR

President, Trans-Canada Air Lines

In 1949 Trans-Canada Air Lines placed almost total emphasis upon the further improvement of transportation services already established. By the end of 1948, the Company had achieved a route pattern encompassing over forty communities in Canada, the United States, the British Isles and the Caribbean area. Route mileage had grown in eleven years from the smallest of beginnings to something in excess of 16,000 miles. T.C.A's aim in 1949 was to ensure that this wide foundation of national air service should support a commensurate quality of airline performance.

Perhaps the outstanding achievement of the year was in the field of *on time* flight performance. T.C.A's record in 1949 should be conclusive proof that the day when an airline timetable was a bundle of uncertainties has ended. With over 100 flights planned daily, ninety-eight per cent of all scheduled mileage was completed. In some months more than ninety per cent of all flights operated precisely on schedule and at no time during the latter stages of the year did T.C.A's performance drop much below that high level.

This accomplishment, possibly one of the most significant in the history of Canadian transportation, was the product of employee skill, aircraft performance and better airport and airway facilities. Several important runway extensions were made at key Canadian airports, notably Toronto, Calgary and the Lakehead. Of at least equal importance was the general installation of the most modern landing aids at major fields. There is every expectation that these installations will mean further advances in operational regularity.

At the same time as service standards were improving, the price of T.C.A. transport held steady and, in some cases, was even reduced. In September, T.C.A. offered a family travel plan, under the terms of which the purchase of a full fare ticket by one parent entitles the other parent and each child of twenty-one years of age and under to fly at half price. There was some reduction in aircargo charges.

This combination of improved air service and favourable prices resulted, as might be expected, in the greatest volume of traffic, both passenger and commodity, that T.C.A. has yet seen on its domestic and overseas airways. More than 690,000 persons flew with T.C.A. in 1949, an increase of twenty-three per cent on 1948. Aircargo and air express ton mileage together exceeded 3,600,000—an increase of fifty-five per cent. Over 3,900,000 ton miles of mail were flown—almost double the amount of the previous year.

This heavier work load was carried by a fleet unchanged in size. With twenty North Stars[1] and twenty-seven DC–3s, T.C A. flew more than 84,000,000 ton miles of air transportation, an increase of twenty-five per cent over 1948. Indicative of the efficiency of these aircraft is the fact that T.C.A. crossed the Atlantic approximately 1,000 times during 1949.

Although there was no real lengthening of T.C.A's routes in 1949, the opening of service to Barbados on the established route to Trinidad did constitute an important addition to the Company's operations.

In general, though, 1950 will resemble 1949 in its emphasis upon further quality rather than expanded scope of air operations.

SCOTLAND'S AIR AMBULANCE

JOHN STROUD

Captain David Barclay, M.B.E., has just been appointed a Serving Brother of the Venerable Order of St. John of Jerusalem in recognition of his services as air ambulance pilot over the last fifteen years. He is the only pilot to be so honoured.

David Barclay worked in his father's dairy at Greenock before learning to fly with the Scottish Flying Club at Renfrew in 1927. From that time he has flown well over ten thousand hours, mostly as an airline pilot flying from Renfrew, which is the airport for Glasgow.

Following a short period in the Royal Air Force from 1929 to 1934, where he flew Wapitis and Harts in India, David Barclay returned to Renfrew, where John

1 North Star is the T.C.A. name for the Canadair Four

Sword was beginning his airline activities under the name Midland and Scottish Air Ferries, and he flew for this airline, from which time he has continuously built up his vast knowledge of the Western Isles of Scotland. He knows every hill, loch, island, and a good percentage of the inhabitants.

Northern and Scottish Airways took up where John Sword left off, and David Barclay did all the pioneer flying for the new company which opened up the route to Skye and the Outer Hebrides. Later this company merged with Highland Airways to form Scottish Airways and this latter company became part of the British European Airways Corporation.

The aeroplane offered these communities in the north-west fast connections to Glasgow, and it soon became apparent that this new service could save lives by flying sick and injured islanders to hospitals on the mainland.

The first recorded ambulance flight made by David Barclay was on 27 May 1935, when he flew a patient from Islay to Renfrew. From that time the ambulance service has developed, so that from most points a patient can be in hospital in Glasgow within five hours of the air ambulance being requested. To date, over fifteen hundred ambulance flights have been made, of which David Barclay has flown about one third.

In 1948, 247 flights were made and 274 patients were carried. It is easier to list the islands where David Barclay has not taken an aeroplane than those to which he has flown. He has not landed on Canna, Eigg, Jura, Muck or Rum.

Many of the Western Isles have aerodromes with hard runways, but others have only small grass strips, normally surveyed and tested by Captain Barclay. His ambulance flights have involved thousands of miles of flying through appalling weather, frequently without radio aids, and often necessitating landing on small fields at night with only storm lanterns and car headlights as guidance.

It is reassuring to know that, after this long experience, David Barclay is now the Officer-in-Charge of the British European Airways Ambulance Flight at Renfrew, and that he is answering most of these calls himself, for no one knows the country and conditions better than he. He is probably the only pilot who can take existing aircraft on to some of the small Orkney Islands, and he does go on to them if necessary. In the past, the ambulance flights have all been undertaken in addition to his normal airline work.

In nearly all cases flying has no ill effect on patients, but as far as flying safety permits, the following limitations are adhered to: head injuries—smooth air and preferably below 5,000 ft.; head infections—lowest safe height and low rate of ascent and descent; chest cases—fly below 5,000 ft.; heart cases—fly below 5,000 ft. in smoothest air; abdominal cases—fly in smooth air and limit rate of descent; maternity cases—before birth fly in smooth air, after birth, limit altitude; fractures—fly in smooth air with quick take-off from rough strips.

The aircraft used for this ambulance work are the well-known Dragon Rapide biplanes. Earlier, the lower-powered Dragons and the Spartan Cruiser monoplanes were used.

THE
CURWEN
PRESS

PRINTERS OF
World Review
FOR A DECADE

9–17 NORTH ST., PLAISTOW
LONDON
E.13

IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS

By P. D. Ouspensky. *Routledge and Kegan Paul.* 25s.

Reviewed by Rom Landau

From birth till death man lives in a state of sleep. He is unconscious, not much freer than a machine, and thus with no power to think, feel or act according to his own 'essence'. Something outside of himself thinks, feels and acts for him. Since he is a mere automaton, he must not be expected to exercise real control over himself and over life in general. He tumbles with equal helplessness into a war as into any folly or passion for which something other than himself is responsible.

The above tenets form the basis upon which the late Pater Demian Ouspensky has built the esoteric system that forms the subject of his large book, *In Search of the Miraculous*. Being not only a thinker and something of a mathematician, but also a practical teacher, he does not limit himself to diagnosing our common predicament, but sets out to show how we can wake up, free ourselves from our automatism, become conscious, and act in accordance with our true 'essence' and not merely in response to our 'personality', which is nothing but the product of our environment and our automatism. Ouspensky's doctrine was passed on to him by that enigmatic personality, Gurdjieff, who, in turn, inherited it from the heirs of preceding generations of esoteric teachers. His book is a detailed account of his association with Gurdjieff, and of the system itself. At a first glance, the book appears not only very long, but also very difficult. But for a reader with more time than it takes to listen to the latest football results, and a mind unprejudiced by a pseudo-scientific materialism, the book might easily prove more enthralling than the combined detective stories of a whole year. Though Ouspensky deals with matters of such complexity as relativity, the ray of creation, esoteric Christianity, the causes of war, or the individual intelligence of plants as well as of microbes and atoms, his style is as simple as though he were describing matters of elementary knowledge. Very artfully, he has interwoven his account of the 'system' with a simultaneous one of Gurdjieff; and though the former provides the solid meat of the book, it makes no less fascinating reading than does the part in which some very exciting events are described.

Both Gurdjieff and Ouspensky used to train groups of pupils to whom their 'system' has been known for the last twenty-five years or more. But now that the two men have died within a year or two of each other, their doctrine is for the first time made available to the larger public. Some readers will possibly dismiss Ouspensky's book as unbalanced or fantastic. But such dismissal will hurt no one but themselves. The book certainly demands the reader's fullest mental co-operation. But then all important books do that. And it would be an understatement to describe this book as important. It is probably one of the very few such books produced in a single generation.

DIARY OF A DEAN

By W. R. Inge. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Reviewed by Rev. E. F. F. Hill

It is fortunate that the publishers persuaded Dr. Inge to write this book, for here we have a record, jotted down by one of the keenest minds and staunchest spirits of his generation, of men and affairs in Church and State, during a crucial period of our history, the first unmistakable phase of our time of troubles. As its title shows, it is based upon the diary which he kept during the twenty-three years, from 1911 to 1934, when he held office as Dean of St. Paul's. His Romanes lecture, 'The Idea of Progress', given at Oxford in 1920, and his Rede lecture, 'The Victorian Age', given at Cambridge in 1922, are, by a happy arrangement, reprinted at the end of the book.

'It was a strange experiment,' he writes in his Introduction, 'for a Prime Minister to uproot a shy scholar from his study table and plunge him into the turmoil of London life.' But, as events proved, it was a worth-while experiment and, if it had been an intuition of genius, it could not have been more right. Of the great men who have held this office, none has made it more central to the life of his time or occupied it with greater benefit to his contemporaries.

THE MR. A CASE

Edited with a Foreword by

C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS

This new volume in the *Old Bailey Trial Series* covers the astonishing story of a conspiracy by a solicitor's managing clerk, William Cooper Hobbs, to blackmail Prince Hari Singh for the sum of £300,000.

11 Illustrations 16/-

JARROLDS

Publishers (London) Limited

André Malraux

PSYCHOLOGY OF ART

MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS
THE CREATIVE ACT

This book which originally appeared in French in 1947 has already been acclaimed as a work of the first importance to the study of art and aesthetics from the psychological viewpoint.

Demy 4to., cloth, slipcase
Two Volumes, £6 6s.

'M. Malraux has nearly 200 illustrations, thirty-six of them in colour, and he has ranged far and wide to find exactly the right work of art to fit his argument.

'These two volumes may be coveted merely as a picture-book; but they become infinitely richer if the pictures are fed into the argument. The combination of text and illustration is very persuasive.'

HERBERT READ
in *The New Statesman & Nation*

A. ZWEMMER, LTD.
76-80 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W.C.2

Letters of Cicero

A new selection in translation by

L. P. WILKINSON

Fellow of King's College, Cambridge

'Cicero's correspondence is acknowledged to be the finest of its kind and a reading public not necessarily conversant with the classics will be grateful to Mr. Wilkinson, for his expert handling of this material. An altogether admirable book.'—
The XIXth Century

'In these letters we get to know not only what happened behind the scenes in the conflict that led to the murder of Julius Caesar but also the gifted and lovable personality of Cicero. We can warmly commend this book.'—
The Guardian

Demy 8vo. Map Endpapers. 15s. net

GEOFFREY BLES LTD
52 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1

Out on 14th March

Between Earth and Sky

AUGUSTE PICCARD

Translated by Claude Apcher

The story of Professor Piccard's balloon ascents to the stratosphere.

Photos, diagrams, charts

15s. net

THE FALCON PRESS

Plunged into London life, meeting on intimate terms everyone in a position of responsibility and in touch with many movements, both secular and religious, Dr. Inge was in a position to do two things which no one else in his time did together quite so well. He met and responded to the challenge of barbarous forces, both external and internal, which were attacking and threatening to overthrow the civilisation of the West. But his response is not defiance, neither is it a solution, the finding and the offering of a secure breathing-space behind a line of defence: in making his response, he became the challenger on behalf of another, more enduring, supra-mundane way of life which lay at the origin, and within which is hidden the goal, of the threatened civilisation. One may quote in this connection (not forgetting that *this connection* includes the experience behind every reference of his to 'the fear that a new Dark Age may be coming') the last half-sentence of his Romanes lecture: ' . . . of our more worthy visions for our race we may perhaps cherish the faith that no pure hope can ever wither, except that a purer may grow out of its roots.'

It may be, as he says, that 'I have inherited from my mother's family . . . the faculty of being silent in several languages'; but it is also true that from some source, not hard to discover, he came by the power to speak very eloquently in one: the language of charity and wisdom.

Negatively, his outspokenness was a rapping on accepted standards and structures, to expose their inward hollowness, a warning against the fate which inevitably destroys men and nations when they make an idol of a past success and worship it: 'Nothing fails like success.'

Positively, it was a challenge to a new and revived creativeness, first presented inwardly to himself and then outwardly and prophetically to his contemporaries. The fact that in some matters he was deceived, particularly in respect of the character and direction of the revolutionary ideas which were everywhere arising, is not a blemish upon his prophetic utterance; it does not negative his challenge, but rather does it underline the need for attending to it; it is a warning to the challenger lest he make an idol of his challenge, to the prophet lest he worship his own utterance.

The discharge of the double duty to which I have drawn attention is the unavoidable theme which holds the diary jottings together in a consistent whole. The tireless energy, the unremitting toil, the hurrying from city to city, from cathedral to cathedral, from learned society to learned society, preaching, lecturing, writing—to speak of this, and of the impression which the record of it leaves, as a battle, would be to use too strong a metaphor; but we may speak of it as an engagement upon an external field in response to the challenge of external forces, forces which were challenging him and those many who invited him and who waited upon the vigorous direction of his response. But if this were all, here would be a tale half-told; we should be at a loss to understand the insistence of the demand upon his time and energy, or the character of his response; the judgment of Bernard Shaw that he is 'our most extraordinary writer and in some respects our most extraordinary man' would have a hollow ring about it. The delight with which he welcomes the leisure of the odd moment which allows him to return to Plotinus, the entry at the end of 1925, 'I preach too many old sermons touched up, and accept too many invitations. My devotional life is not what it should be; I do not meditate enough on the great things', gives a hint of the tale's completion, of the inward challenge inwardly received—but only a hint.

It is in the entries which speak of a deep domestic happiness, of the illness and death of Paula, his younger daughter, and in the appendices which tell of the death of Richard, his youngest son, and of his wife, that the real Dean declares himself, and the ground of his influence and the source of his strength are made clear.

'Love remembered and consecrated by grief belongs more clearly than the happy intercourse of friends, to the eternal world; it has proved itself stronger than death.'

That is his outspoken, prophetic utterance, his response.

I.C.A.

It is now more than two years since the Institute of Contemporary Arts was founded. The idea of setting up a body of this kind was already mooted immediately before the war, but events forced a postponement of the plan, and it was not until February 1948 that the Institute was eventually set up. Its first public activity was the organisation of the exhibition '40 Years of Modern Art' at the Academy Hall in Oxford Street, which was visited by more than twenty thousand people. Since then the Institute has been responsible for organising a continuous series of exhibitions, poetry readings, concerts, lectures, and discussions in which many of the most vital personalities in the arts have taken an active part, among them W. H. Auden, Harriet Cohen, T. S. Eliot, Maxwell Fry, Arnold Haskell, Sir Philip Hendy, Julian Huxley, Henry Moore, and Michel St. Denis, to name only a few.

It is an essential to the conception of the Institute that it should dare to promote that which is experimental, and therefore not always assured of success. Originating in a small group of people keenly interested in the arts of our time, under the leadership of Herbert Read, the Institute has, during the two years of its existence, succeeded in evoking an ever-increasing support in the professional field and is fast establishing its reputation as a body making an important contribution to the cultural life of the country. Its discussions and proceedings are regularly reported in the press and altogether the growth in prestige of the Institute has been remarkable considering the smallness of its funds and the means at its disposal.

The generosity of a few who care deeply for the arts has made the Institute and its accomplishments possible. Further support in the form of membership subscriptions and donations is most urgently required if it is to develop and to become established in its own premises. The I.C.A. is embodied under Living Arts Ltd., which is recognised by the authorities as an educational charity.

Inquiries and subscriptions should be addressed to the Director, 6 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1. Tel.: MUS. 5145.

EWAN PHILLIPS

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PO-CHÜ-I

By Arthur Waley. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

Reviewed by Herbert Read

Po-Chü-i (A.D. 772–846) is the Chinese poet who has become most familiar to us of all Chinese poets, thanks to Mr. Waley's devotion to him. Nearly half the translations in *Chinese Poems* (1946) come from this poet's work. This does not mean that he is necessarily the greatest of Chinese poets, but he is perhaps the most assimilable, the one whose verse undergoes the process of translation with the least loss of lyrical appeal. To his great work of translation Mr. Waley has now added a biography which is an astonishing *tour de force.* This poet lived more than a thousand years ago. There has never been a full biography even in Chinese—only short notices, the longest of which covers only twenty pages. Nevertheless, Mr. Waley has been able to reconstruct the story of his life year by year, relying only on documentary evidence and eschewing all fictitious embroidery. What emerges is an extraordinarily detailed picture of the life of a civil servant harassed by ministers and generals, living in troubled times, but maintaining his serenity, and producing his verses as a natural by-product of his daily activities. The main reason why it has been possible to reconstruct his life is that so much of that life is embodied in the poems, and once they are arranged in chronological order, the pattern begins to emerge. But there was still a good deal to be filled in to make the pattern coherent, and this Mr. Waley can supply from his immense knowledge of Chinese history and culture. It might be suggested that the life of this serene and compassionate poet, living in times not dissimilar from ours, is an object-lesson for modern poets, who too often make the state of the world an excuse for their own sterility.

PICTURE POST OVERSEAS

Beginning with the first issue in March, an Overseas Edition of PICTURE POST *will be substituted for the home edition for copies sent abroad. The subscription rate for the Overseas Edition will be £2 10s. 6d. p.a.*

For further details, please write to the CIRCULATION MANAGER, HULTON PRESS, 43 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

WORLD REVIEW

is a monthly devoted to Literature and the Arts and all other aspects of our cultural interests

'*World Review* provides a much-needed forum for the discussion and presentation of serious themes.' —DR. JULIAN HUXLEY

'The international outlook of *World Review* is a contribution to general culture.' —*The Times*

'*World Review* is always interesting, much more so, to me, than most other Reviews. I read it with avidity, and always with profit.'
—BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

Some notable contributions published during the past year:

T. S. ELIOT
Reflections on 'The Cocktail Party'

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE
History Warns Modern Man

BERTRAND RUSSELL
1939–1949: Ten Years Later

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Return to Colmar

HERBERT READ
Conversations in Germany

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S
Freedom for Religion

G. B. SHAW
Comments on 'Buoyant Billions'

ANDRÉ MALRAUX
The Quest of T. E. Lawrence

WILLIAM SAROYAN
Confessions of a Playwright

REBECCA WEST
Germany's Refugees

IGNAZIO SILONE
Return to Fontamara

JULIAN HUXLEY
Population and Human Destiny

GILBERT MURRAY
The Meaning of Liberalism

GEORGE ORWELL
The Language of Tomorrow

MARTIN HEIDEGGER
The Meaning of 'Humanism'

COMPTON MACKENZIE
The Enjoyment of Holidays

KARL JASPERS
Goethe and our Future

STEPHEN SPENDER
W. H. Auden at Oxford

ALBERT CAMUS
The Sensitive Murderers

EUDORA WELTY
The Art of the Short Story

JOHN ROTHENSTEIN
Contemporary Painting

KARL BARTH
The Church between East and West

ROBERT PAYNE
A Meeting with Ezra Pound

GEORGE SANTAYANA
Dominations and Powers

WILLIAM SANSOM
The Story of the Fly

HENRY MILLER
My Friend Stanley

THE
GREAT PHILOSOPHERS
THE WESTERN WORLD
E. W. F. Tomlin
Author of 'The Outline of Metaphysics'

There is a thread of continuity running through this book which will enable the reader, however slight his knowledge of the subject, to grasp the general history of philosophical thought from the time of pre-Socrates to the present day. An excellent book for the student of philosophy, bringing to life precisely those problems the text-books render dull and arid.

It is the first comprehensive work giving chronologically every Western Philosopher.

Illustrated 15/- net

WHY
SHOULD I KILL MYSELF
Thomas Veitch, M.A.

'I have seldom read a more vivid and stimulating defence of the Christian Way of Life. It is a book that everyone should read in these depressing days.'
Professor H. MAURICE RELTON, D.D.

'It says just the sort of thing and in the sort of way that has been needed for a very long time.'
R. HENDERSON-HOWAT, *The Scottish Sentinel*

Crown 8vo. 4/6 net

SKEFFINGTON

THE LIFE-STORY OF THE DOYEN OF ANTHROPOLOGISTS

An Autobiography
SIR ARTHUR KEITH
Illus., 729 pp., 25s. net

Finding the Missing Link
ROBERT BROOM
One of the world's foremost anthropologists tells of his recent remarkable discoveries in South Africa of fossil skulls that may at last bridge the gap in our knowledge of man's origin. *Illus. 6s. net*

Thou Art Peter
A History of Roman Catholic Doctrine & Practice
A. D. HOWELL SMITH
839 pp., 21s. net

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.

RILKE: MAN AND POET

By Nora Wydenbruck. *John Lehmann*, 18s.

Reviewed by Derek Stanford

Rilke: Man and Poet is an interpretation of a natural aristocrat by an aristocrat of rank. Author of the book *An Austrian Background*, Countess Wydenbruck has given us a picture of the poet based on both personal and intellectual sympathy: a factually first-hand account strengthened by a feeling of kinship for his work. This artistic affinity was preceded by the privilege of knowing the poet and of numbering amongst his correspondents. It happened also that Countess Wydenbruck was second-cousin to the poet's faithful patron, Princess Marie Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe.

With the insight of a rare understanding, Countess Wydenbruck approaches the question of whether Rilke was of noble descent. It is possible that another author of aristocratic birth might have dealt somewhat severely with the poet's claim to seignorial origin—an hypothesis neither proved nor disproved. Countess Wydenbruck, however, realises the poet's need (as expressed in his poem 'The Lay of Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke') to somehow establish for himself a myth of family refinement in the past, whatever the actual evidence might be. This historical imagination, by means of which many romantic minds (Gerard de Nerval, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, for example) account for their own self-bewildering uniqueness, is handsomely dealt with by Countess Wydenbruck, who finally leaves the issue open.

Another element in the poet's life which might have provoked an author of caste into an attitude of irritation was Rilke's failure to adjust himself to the regimen of the military academy in which he spent five years of his life. To this and to other kindred matters, Countess Wydenbruck brings both tact and intuition, a balanced assessment of those individual factors which make a snap judgment unprofitable.

In her analysis of personal relationships, Countess Wydenbruck is a little less flexible. She deprecates the poet's affair with 'Benvenuta', and regrets that Rilke did not meet a feminine and non-assertive

woman who could even, in her lack of understanding, love him. It is doubtful, however, whether Rilke himself could ever have been attracted to such a type. The artist was so omnipresent in him that neither man nor woman could interest him for long unless they felt a similar enthusiasm for art.

It is chiefly in the religious sphere, though, that Countess Wydenbruck's orthodox mind comes up against the sensitive heretical poet. 'He was far more akin,' she writes of the conception of deity which Rilke derived from his early days in Russia, 'to the Brahma or to the Atman of the Upanishads [than to the First Person of the Trinity].' Speaking as a Catholic, she remarks that the poet's tragedy consisted in the loss of 'his childhood faith', and, confronted with his private aesthetic mysticism, she talks of his 'fundamentally sterile philosophy'.

The value of *Rilke: Man and Poet* is that we find there an interpretation of a highly-gifted abnormal mentality in terms of a sensitive normal mind.

THE MYSTERY OF KEATS

Companion Volume to Keats and Shakespeare

By John Middleton Murry. *Peter Nevill Ltd.* 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by Robert Gittings

'What porridge had John Keats?' By now we know at any rate what plum cake he ate, 'dark with cherries and raisins'. Documentary collections such as *Keats and His Circle* have collated every sort of evidence that might, or in many cases might not, have any bearing on the poet; but have we then plucked out the heart of his mystery? Assuredly not. We have learned through the letters to value the man, and not to be alienated from his greater achievements by the mawkishness which he himself criticised in his own earlier poems, to trust Keats as a judge of his poetry, himself, and of others, and to see him as he was seen by sympathetic friends in his own day. If one thing emerges from these revaluations, it is the picture of a young man whose greatness of nature had

The Rt. Hon.
MARGARET
BONDFIELD
C.H., LL.D., J.P.

A LIFE'S WORK

JOSEPH TAGGART, *The Star:*
'The book for anyone who feels goodwill to men and women'

HAROLD NICOLSON, *The Observer:*
'Informative and Impressive'

25 illustrations **20/-**

COUNT FOLKE
BERNADOTTE

HIS LIFE AND WORK

By RALPH HEWINS
Scandinavian Correspondent of Kemsley Newspapers:
An authoritative book covering both personal and public aspects of a man whose work for humanity will long be honoured

44 illustrations **18/-**

HUTCHINSON
Largest of Book Publishers

It may be that first cigarette of the day which makes the paper readable and your early morning self tolerable. It may be the smoke that makes the office mail bearable and your Secretary a new woman. It may be that conference cigarette which solves a crisis or that lunch cigarette which seals a deal... But, from now on, it is the same cigarette. A taster of this and of that has at last found peace. In the satisfying flavour of the new Sobranie American No. 50's another wanderer has come to rest, beyond the reach of novelty's temptation, a firm, staunch and life-long devotee.

SOBRANIE
American No. 50
Made by the makers of Balkan Sobranie at Sobranie House, London, E.C.1

JOIN THE FUR CRUSADE

'How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?' These were Grey Owl's words to me.
Write for leaflet of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign, which names Furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Also tells you how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely. Funds needed for advts.
Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, South Kensington, S.W.10

CHAPTERS IN ART

A SERIES of volumes, each devoted to an important phase in art. New volumes are in preparation on the Classical Sculpture of India and on Middle Kingdom art of Egypt. Recent volumes include Old Kingdom art in Egypt, Bronzes of West Africa, etc. They sell at 6s. each and can be bought at your local bookseller. A complete list is available from him or from the publishers, Alec Tiranti Ltd., 72 Charlotte Street, London, W.1, fine art publishers and sculptors' toolsellers.

a lasting effect on all who knew him, so that the friends of his youth rise up in strange metamorphoses—one a Colonial Archdeacon, another a European Consul—to bear witness to the light they once shared.

Middleton Murry, of all modern critics, has shared most deeply in this sympathy, and has used the new material most honestly, even when it leads him to reverse a former judgment completely, as in his essay on Fanny Brawne. It leads him more soundly to a charming and just appreciation of the relations between the poet and his young sister Fanny. At the other end of the scale, and of the book, he has been able to convict two academic critics of *Keats and Shakespeare:* one of not knowing how poets revise their work, the other of not knowing how they write it at all.

'A Man's life of any worth is a continual allegory—and very few eyes can see the Mystery of his life.' Mr. Murry has rightly directed his eyes to the remarkable journal-letter to George and Georgiana Keats, in which these words were written; he returns to it again and again in his contention that Keats had reached an astonishing maturity of philosophical apprehension, beyond pity and fear, beyond joy and sorrow, the state to be seen in the Haydon life-mask and in the portrait-sketch by Haydon, first reproduced in this volume. At the risk of reducing even the porridge to its original oats, it is worth looking at the circumstances under which that letter was written.

Keats had just lost two brothers, one to death, and another to the New World. He was also perhaps engaged to Fanny Brawne—Mr. Murry, in placing the engagement much later, surely underestimates the pace at which Keats lived, and the meaning of words like 'just' and 'soon' when applied to a consumptive. The disease indeed already had him by the throat; but on an invalid visit to the country Keats had written one of the greatest poems in the language, 'The Eve of St. Agnes'. Exhausted by this, his mind was lying fallow, 'waiting for the Spring' and the great Odes; but he could, and did, pour into this letter to America, sandwiched between gossip, the philosophy of a man aware and awake on the razor-edge

of life. In pointing to this, and in demonstrating how much Keats's poetry owes to the Wordsworth of *The Excursion*, Mr. Murry's new book justifies its title. It guides our grateful attention to the philosophy rather than to the felicities of Keats.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ROY CAMPBELL

The Bodley Head, 15s.

Reviewed by Hugo Manning

To assess a poet while he is alive is a difficult business. Prejudice, jealousy, fear, preconception, a shaky criterion or even a too tender heart, all tend to distort and falsify. These pitfalls exist in prose criticism as well; just the same, poetry offers more opportunities for this sort of thing. Let us look at some of the ugly reasons. For one thing, modern verse is hardly read at all in England, and one might just as well argue with the mythical dragon as with the reading public on this score. The field is thus left almost entirely to the 'experts' and practitioners of verse. And this is where the racketeering and distortion begin. The battle for the favours of a public, which apparently will only welcome to its bosom one or two darlings at a time, is a hard one. In this modern version of a poetic Black Hole of Calcutta, in which quite a number are pressing and pushing to break into the crisp air of recognition, there is little scope for that serenity and open mind without which the critical faculties cannot flower properly. And so likes and dislikes harden, and fixations about a particular poet or school develop into fanaticism, nasty abuse and contempt, overestimation, underestimation, and so on. To get help, one must sometimes help. Sycophancy to the right person at the right moment may bring what is considered to be the right reward. To attack or dismiss a rising talent may seemingly ensure that one's own status as a poetaster or poet is not threatened. Ethics are abandoned and the poetic Mafia thrives.

This kind of gangsterdom may have a good deal of unconscious compulsion behind it. So the skein of prejudice becomes more complicated, and even a fundamentally honest critic with good intentions may find it hard to sort out his own likes and dislikes on the basis of his own criterion. And if he has certain political predilections, his assessment of the work of a certain poet, whose own political affinities are not to his liking, may suffer. The case of Ezra Pound comes to my mind. Was it wrong or right to forget his pro-Fascist broadcasts from Italy during the war when examining his work? We know the answer of the Kremlin-inspired literary critics. A hypothetical stranger, who has no literary axe to grind, and who belongs to some future period or another planet, may have to be conjured up somehow to deal fairly with such a situation. He may also be able to help us in dealing with this book by Roy Campbell, a contemporary South African-born poet who fought on Franco's side during the Spanish civil war and has been engaged in verbal and sometimes physical conflict with those he considers to be his enemies. Such a stranger might hear a clear and warm lyrical voice, sometimes swelling with defiance and the 'peacock's flaunting pride', sometimes as tender as the profound silence which 'only silver hymns should break', and sometimes sharp and raucous like a fierce monody sung with blood and heart. He might be aware of a strange mingling of brilliance and puerility of thought, a musical stream hastened along by the winds of narrative and emotion and strewn with rich, exotic images. He might be aware of someone at times prone to prejudice and bluster but radiating beauty and certain values in what was seen as the sundown of the West. He would certainly be aware of a real poet.

I am quite sure that Roy Campbell is one of the best lyric poets of his time. But that is only a judgment at the middle distance, so to speak. There is nothing of the sudden and short-lived lyrical outburst of San Juan de la Cruz or Rimbaud about this poet. The years between the poems of his *Adamastor* (1930) and those of *Talking Bronco* (1946) have been marked by fine achievement. There is no reason why this should not continue. But I, for one, am presumptuous enough to hope that what I consider to be the better and purer side of Roy Campbell's work will henceforth

The

HANOVER

GALLERY

CURRENT EXHIBITION

Recent Works by

PETER ROSE PULHAM

and

E. Q. NICHOLSON

*

OPENING MARCH 21

Water Colours by

KENNETH KING

Sculptures by

PAOLOZZI & TURNBULL

*

FORTHCOMING EXHIBITIONS

LUCIAN FREUD

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

32A ST. GEORGE STREET

LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 0296

dominate his skill and feelings. I refer to his more transcendental moments, which do not indulge some of those bees in his bonnet about certain people and society in general. He himself tacitly salutes this power to transcend the ephemeral and the biased when, in his poem *The Secret Muse*, he declares:

> Between the midnight and the morn,
> To share my watches late and lonely,
> There dawns a presence such as only
> Of perfect silence can be born.
> On the blank parchment falls the glow
> Of more than daybreak: and one regal
> Thought, like the shadow of an eagle,
> Grazes the smoothness of its snow.
> Though veiled to me that face of faces
> And still that form eludes my art,
> Yet all the gifts my faith has brought
> Along the secret stair of thought
> Have come to me on those hushed paces
> Whose footfall is my beating heart.

Finally, a warning to those about to read this poet for the first time: they must not be frightened away by his sometimes scourging tongue. True tenderness lurks in what may seem to be a savage scenery.

Some Books Received

BILAINKIN, George. CAIRO TO RIYADH DIARY. *Williams & Norgate.* 10s. 6d.

COASE, R. H. BRITISH BROADCASTING. *Longmans, Green & Co.* 12s. 6d.

LEE, Asher, THE SOVIET AIR FORCE. *Gerald Duckworth.* 8s. 6d.

SALAZAR, General Sanchez. MURDER IN MEXICO. *Secker & Warburg.* 9s. 6d.

STONE, Irving. ADVERSARY IN THE HOUSE. *Falcon Press.* 12s. 6d.

TILLYARD, E. M. W. SHAKESPEARE'S PROBLEM PLAYS. *Chatto & Windus.* 8s. 6d.

TREWIN, J C. WE'LL HEAR A PLAY. *Carroll & Nicholson.* 12s. 6d.

UNDERWOOD, Eric & John. AMERICA IN ENGLAND. *Frederick Muller.* 5s.

Printed in Gt. Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Publisher and Proprietor, Edward Hulton, and distributed for him by Hulton Press Ltd., 43–44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australasia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian Magazine Post